

CRIMINALS BEWARE! THE HANGMAN IS EVERYWHERE!

HANGMAN

NO. 6

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The HANGMAN

SPECIAL
CASE
NO. 17

IN *The Laughing Cavalier*

THERE WAS DEATH IN THAT ANCIENT CASTLE..... GRINNING, MOCKING, HIDEOUS DEATH!! AND IT WAS INTO THIS BIZARRE SETTING, CRINGING, UNDER AN ANCESTRAL CURSE, THAT THE HANGMAN WAS PLUNGED..... TO FIND HIMSELF AT GRIPS WITH THE GHOSTLY MURDERER..... THE LAUGHING CAVALIER!!

IRVING
NOVICK

ONE STORMY NIGHT AS BOB DICKERING IS DRIVING ALONG THE CITY'S OUTSKIRTS.....

HELLO... LOOKS LIKE A MAIDEN IN DISTRESS.

GLAD TO TAKE YOU THERE. HOP IN!

YOU SEE I'M LINDA SHORT, AND THIS IS JASPER GRIGGS, A CHURCH ORGANIST.

LINDA SHORT? NOT RELATED TO ROBERT SHORT, THE MULTI-MILLIONAIRE, ARE YOU?

MY FATHER... BUT HE JUST DIED. WE'RE ABOUT TO BURY HIM!

THANK YOU SO MUCH! BUT YOU MUST STAY AWHILE - AT LEAST UNTIL THE STORM BLOWS OVER!

WELL, IT IS RATHER UNCOMFORTABLE DRIVING.

YOU SEE, WE'RE GOING TO HOLD THE SERVICES IN OUR OWN PLACE. THAT'S WHY I WENT INTO TOWN TO FETCH MR. GRIGGS.

CAN I HELP YOU MISS?

IF YOU WOULD, PLEASE! I'VE RUN OUT OF GAS AND I'M IN A TERRIBLE HURRY TO GET HOME.

DON'T BE A FOOL!
GET OUT OF THIS
ACCURSED CASTLE
BEFORE IT
IS TOO LATE!

GET OUT, I TELL YOU! THERE'S HATE
HERE-- AND DEATH! EVERYBODY HATES
EVERYBODY ELSE! EVEN MY BELOVED
SISTER, LINDA, HATES HER OWN FIANCE!
I KNOW, I TELL YOU, I KNOW!
HA, HA, HA, HA!!

HARLEY, YOU DRUNKEN
FOOL! I'LL TEACH YOU
TO SAY SUCH VILE
THINGS!

YOU'RE A DISGRACE TO
THIS FAMILY! WHEN
LINDA AND I GET
MARRIED, YOU'RE
GETTING OUT OF
HERE!

LINDA WILL NEVER
MARRY YOU, JIM EVANS!
I SWEAR IT! YOU'RE A FORTUNE
HUNTER! YOU FOOLED MY FATHER
AND MY STUPID SISTER-- BUT
YOU DON'T FOOL ME!

SOMEONE ELSE
ONCE WANTED TO MARRY
LINDA..... **TOM HARRIS!**
REMEMBER HIM? HE WAS
SMART TOO BUT HE COULDN'T
OUTSMART OUR FAMILY CURSE!

I'M SORRY FOR MY
BROTHER'S RUDE-
NESS! THE
BUTLER WILL
SHOW YOU
GENTLEMEN
TO YOUR
QUARTERS! WE
WILL HOLD SER-
VICES WHEN YOU
ARE READY MR.
GRIGGS!

BOY... OF ALL THE SCREWY
SET-UPS, TROUBLE'S GOING
TO POP ANY MINUTE! I
CAN ALMOST SMELL IT!

AT THAT MOMENT—

YOU! NO, NO!
IT CAN'T BE.....
YOU'RE.....YOU'RE
DEAD!!

OH, OH.
HERE IT
COMES!

AND THE
HANGMAN'S
GOING TO TRY
TO FORESTALL IT!

GREAT SCOTT!
I'M TOO LATE!

UGH!

I'VE GOT YOU—
YOU KILLER!

WHEN THE HANGMAN
COMES TO.....

O Ooo.... MY HEAD!
WHAT A SUCKER I TURNED
OUT TO BE!

WHAT'S GOING ON
HERE-- GOOD
LORD! IT'S
HARRIS THE
BUTLER!

EEEE!!
HE'S BEEN
MURDERED!

CRASH

NEVER MIND THE QUESTIONS!
THERE'S A MURDERER
LOOSE AND I INTEND
TO CATCH
HIM!

YOU---YOU'RE THE
HANGMAN!
HOW DID YOU
GET HERE?

MEANWHILE, IN THE ROOM OF THE DISSOLUTE
HARLEY SHORT.....

YES, HARLEY SHORT
YOUR HANGMAN'S NOOSE,
PERHAPS-FOR THE MURDER
OF THE BUTLER!

THE--- THE
HANGMAN'S NOOSE!!

YOU'RE CRAZY!
I DIDN'T EVEN
KNOW HE WAS
DEAD!

REMARKABLE-COINCIDENCE,
RIGHT AFTER YOUR THREATS
ABOUT DEATH AND A
FAMILY CURSE THAT
SOMEONE LOOKING LIKE A
CAVALIER SHOULD
COMMIT MURDER!

GREAT LORD!
THE **LAUGHING
CAVALIER**
RETURNED!

IT ALL BEGAN CENTURIES
AGO, WHEN THE CAVALIER
WAS DEFENDING THIS CASTLE
AGAINST A SIEGE FORCE
COMMANDED BY HIS BITTER-
EST ENEMY.....

I WARNED THEM
HE WOULD-BUT THEY
LAUGHED! HE CAME BACK
ONCE BEFORE FOR **TOM
HARRIS!** THE CAVALIER
WAS THE ORIGINAL OWNER
OF THIS CASTLE, WHICH MY
FATHER BROUGHT FROM
ENGLAND STONE
BY STONE.





WHO GOES THERE?
OH, IT IS YOU,
SQUIRE!

YES, MY LORD!
I BRING YOU A
DRINK TO RE-
FRESH YOU!



YES, I COULD
STAND ONE! THIS
CONSTANT VIGIL IS
EXHAUSTING ME!



AAAAARCH!
POISON!
YOU--- YOU..!



NOW I SHALL
GIVE THE SIGNAL TO
SHOW THE WAY
IS CLEAR!



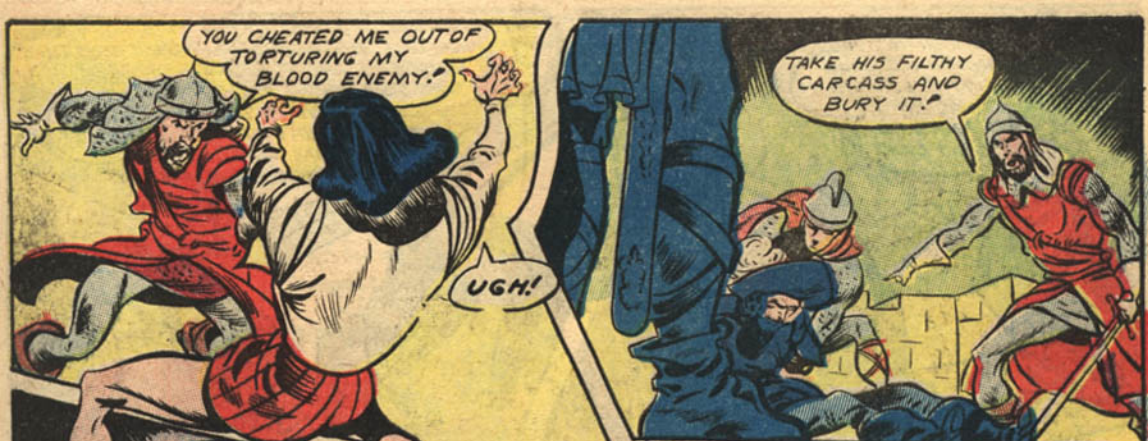
FEAR NOT MEN!
I HAVE DISPOSED OF
THE DUKE, AS I
WAS BID!



WAIT! THERE'S
SOMETHING
WRONG!



HE'S DEAD!
YOU FOOL!-
I TOLD YOU
I DIDN'T
WANT HIM
KILLED!



TAKE HIS FILTHY CARCASS AND BURY IT!

UGH!

SURELY MILORD, YOU WON'T BURY THE DUKE LIKE AN ANIMAL! ONE OF ROYAL BLOOD CERTAINLY DESERVES AT LEAST THE LAST RITES!

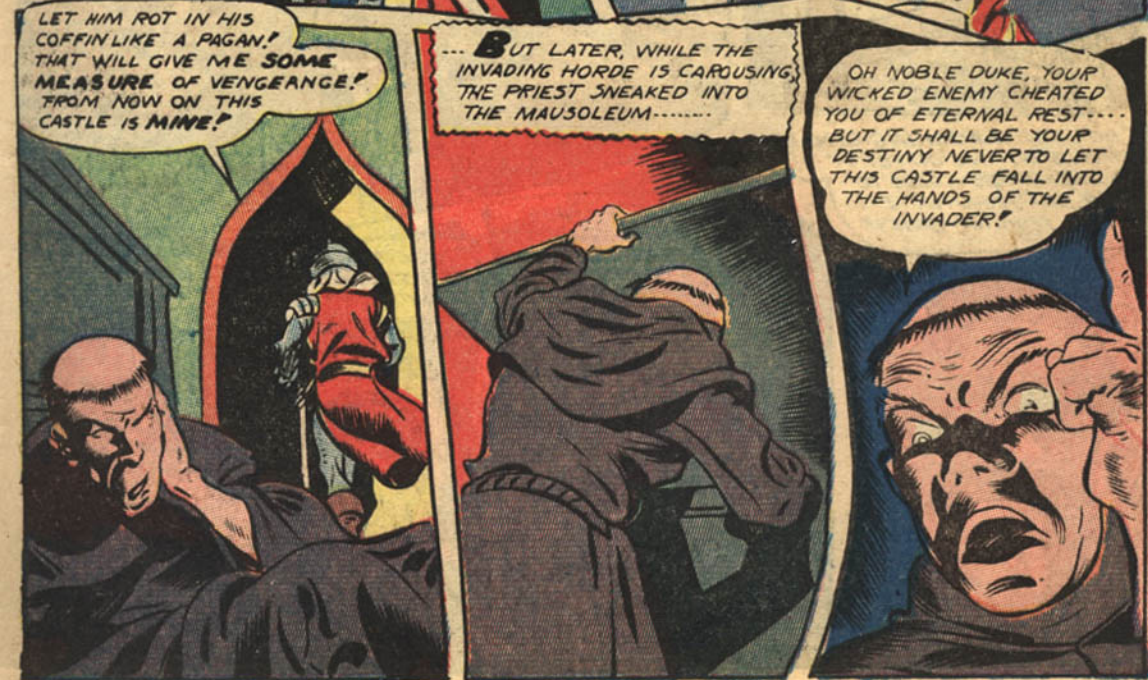


SILENCE, YOU SWINE!

LET HIM ROT IN HIS COFFIN LIKE A PAGAN! THAT WILL GIVE ME SOME MEASURE OF VENGEANCE! FROM NOW ON THIS CASTLE IS MINE!

... BUT LATER, WHILE THE INVADING HORDE IS CAROUSING, THE PRIEST SNEAKED INTO THE MAUSOLEUM.....

OH NOBLE DUKE, YOUR WICKED ENEMY CHEATED YOU OF ETERNAL REST... BUT IT SHALL BE YOUR DESTINY NEVER TO LET THIS CASTLE FALL INTO THE HANDS OF THE INVADER!



AND THERE'S
WHERE THE
WANDERING SOUL
OF THE LAUGHING
CAVALIER
RESTS TO
THIS DAY.

...FULFILLING HIS DESTINY TO THIS DAY—
KEEPING OUT THE INVADER— ONLY THIS TIME
THE INVADERS ARE FORTUNE HUNTERS?
LIKE TOM HARRIS AND JIM EVANS,
TRYING TO TAKE THE CASTLE
AWAY FROM MY FAMILY?
TOM ALREADY PAID
WITH HIS LIFE!

...THEN THE GREAT
CLOCK TOLLS 12-- TIME
FOR THE FUNERAL SERVICES
OF ROBERT SHORT--

... IN THE CASTLE'S MAUSOLEUM,
THE SMALL GATHERING HUDDLES
IN THE GLOOM--WITH EVERY
SHADOW-- SEEMINGLY A
CROUCHING THREAT.

BOY, THAT LAUGHING CAVALIER
YARN'S GOT ME JITTERY!
SOMETHING'S GOING TO
POP ANY MINUTE! I
FEEL IT IN MY BONES.

"LINDA LOOKS
MORE WORRIED
THAN GRIEF-
STRICKEN."

"JIM EVANS
KEEPS LOOKING
AROUND FURTIVELY"

"AND HARLEY HASN'T
STOPPED LOOKING AT
GRIGGS THE ORGANIST."

THEN, AS THE ORGAN BREAKS
INTO A MELANCHOLY, RE-
FRAIN, THE HANGMAN
LOOKS UP AND SEES-----

SUDDENLY---

WATCH OUT!
THE CHANDELIER
IS FALLING!

SAY, THAT CHANDELIER'S
WOBBLING IN A
FUNNY WAY!

UGH-- EVANS
IS CRUSHED
TO A PULP!

MAYBE THIS
IS A GHOST'S
WORK AND
MAYBE NOT!

BUT I'M
GOING TO
FIND OUT
FOR SURE!

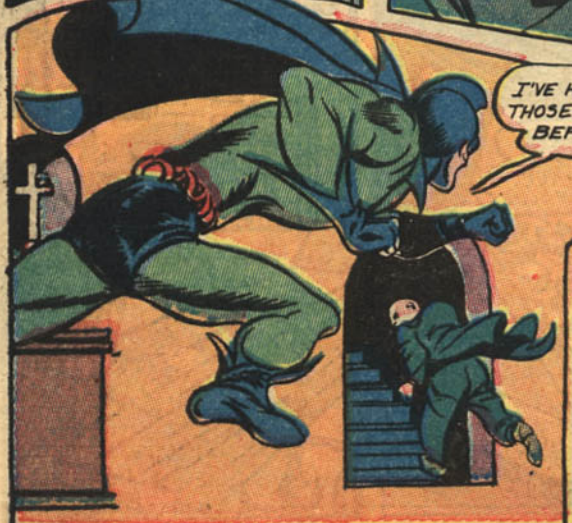
HMM-- A WIRE
LEADING TO THE
CHANDELIER HOOK--
I'LL TRACE IT AND
SEE WHERE IT
LEADS!

WELL, I'VE DISCOVERED SOMETHING ALL RIGHT--- THAT WAS A PRETTY STORY YOU GAVE ME, HARLEY, ABOUT THE LAUGHING CAVALIER-- FOR A MOMENT YOU ALMOST HAD ME FOOLED!

WH--- WHAT DO YOU MEAN?

YOU--- YOU'RE THE MURDERER, HARLEY! OH, YOU HATEFUL BEAST!

YOU'RE CRAZY, LINDA. I DIDN'T KILL ANYBODY!



THAT DEVIL! THERE MUST BE SOME WAY TO ESCAPE HIM! THERE MUST BE!!

THAT BELFRY ROPE! IF I CAN CATCH IT, I MIGHT BE ABLE TO SWING TOWARD THAT EXIT!

HA, HA, HA! I'VE OUTWITTED YOU HANGMAN! I'VE OUT---UGH---

GOOD LORD! HE'S GOING TO MISS!

YOU'RE DYING GRIGGS! YOU MIGHT AS WELL CONFESS ALL! WHY DID YOU MURDER THOSE PEOPLE?

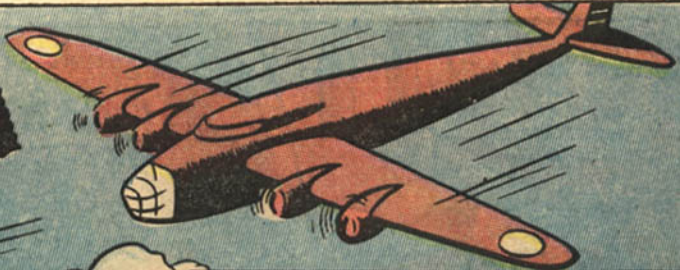
LOOK AT ME, LINDA! LOOK CLOSELY! DO YOU REMEMBER THE MAN YOU ONCE LOVED? THE MAN WHO WAS DETERMINED TO KEEP YOU FROM MARRYING ME, 'ACCIDENTALLY' RAN ME DOWN WITH HIS CAR AND LEFT ME FOR DEAD!

YOU T-TOM HARRIS?

YES, TOM HARRIS! BUT I DIDN'T DIE! I LIVED, TO BECOME THIS HORRIBLE MISSHAPEN CREATURE--- AND I SWORE VENGEANCE ON YOUR ENTIRE FAMILY, EVEN YOU LINDA---I WAS SORRY TO MURDER THE BUTLER, BUT I HAD TO! HE RECOGNIZED ME!

HE'S DEAD! HIS DIABOLICALLY CLEVER PLAN MIGHT HAVE SUCCEEDED IF I HADN'T TRACED THAT WIRE FROM THE CHANDELIER TO HIS ORGAN! BUT LIKE ALL CRIMINALS, HIS FIRST MISTAKE WAS HIS LAST!

WORLD WONDERS



FLYING TANK CARS

AMERICA'S HEAVY BOMBERS
CARRY MORE GASOLINE THAN
A RAILROAD TANK CAR!



WELL WHAT DO YOU KNOW?

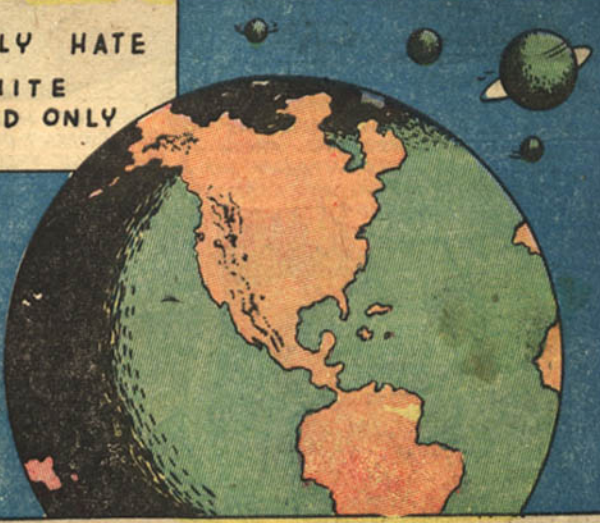


ROBINS ARE NOT
ROBBINS AT ALL BUT
BELONG TO THE
THRUSH FAMILY!

ELEPHANTS

USUALLY HATE
THE ODOR OF A WHITE
MAN AND WILL RESPOND ONLY
TO A NATIVE,

AN EXTREME SHORTAGE
OF ALUMINUM EXISTS IN
THE UNITED STATES ... YET
7% OF THE ENTIRE EARTH'S
CRUST IS ALUMINUM!



The HANGMAN

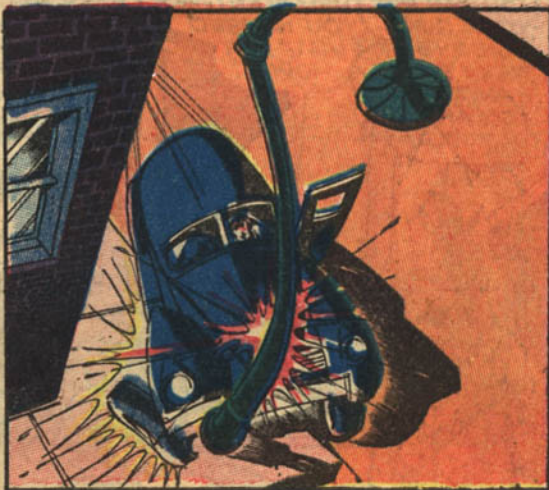
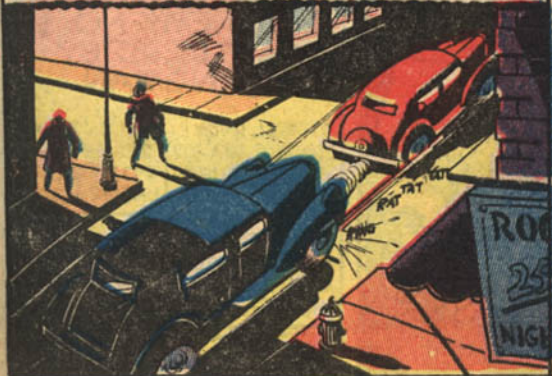
SPECIAL
CASE

18

in CRIME DOES NOT... **PLAY!**



A WILD CHASE ALONG THE MURKY WATERFRONT STREETS BETWEEN THE POLICE AND A FLEEING RACKETEER CZAR! THEN, A BULLET FINDS ITS MARK IN ONE OF THE POLICE TIRES, AND ---





MORNING STAR ☆

EXTRA

**WAXY SHULTZ PUB-
LIC ENEMY NO. 1
CAPTURED BY
HANGMAN**

THRILLING CHASE CLIMAXED BY CAPTURE	QUICK TRIAL TO BE GIVEN • CZAR OF UNDERWORLD
THIS CITY WAS WITNESS TO ONE OF THE MOST	AT LAST THE LAW HAS CAUGHT UP WITH THE SLIPPERY IIIH

WAXY SHULTZ, I YOU HAVE
SEEN FOUND GUILTY ON ALL
COUNTS! IT IS MY GREAT
PLEASURE TO SENTENCE
YOU TO----



LIFE IM-
PRISON-
MENT!

SUITS ME,
JUDGE! I
NEED A REST
ANYWAY!



SAY! FOR AGUY
WHO JUST HAD
THE BOOK
THROWN AT
HIM YOU SOUND
PRETTY COOL!

SURE,
MOUTH-
PIECE! WHY
GET EX-
CITED! I
BAD FOR
THE HEART!



LATER- IN THE OFFICE OF THE
PRISON WARDEN---

YOU WERE A BIG SHOT WITH YOUR
MOB, BUT HERE YOU'RE JUST PLAIN
NO. 17253!



AND ANY
TROUBLE
OUT OF
YOU--

ME! TROUBLE! I WOULDN'T THINK
OF IT, WARDEN! I WUZ GONNA RETIRE
SOON, ANYHOW- AND THIS JOINT
IS AS GOOD A PLACE AS
ANY!



I DON'T LIKE IT, PADDY!
THIS GUY IS ACTING
TOO CUTE! I
WONDER IF HE'S
GOT SOMETHING
UP HIS SLEEVE!

SURE WARDEN!
HIS ARM! AND
ONE WRONG MOVE
AND I'LL YANK IT
RIGHT OFFA HIM!
DON'T WORRY, SHULTZ
IS HERE TO STAY!



I'VE GOT THEM WORRIED, HA,
HA, HA! AND IF THEY KNEW
WHAT MY PLANS WERE,
THEY'D BE MORE
WORRIED!



SOME DAYS LATER,
THE WARDEN GETS
INTO HIS CAR TO BE
DRIVEN INTO TOWN--



WHAT'S THE MATTER
DRIVER? WHY ARE
YOU SLOWING UP?

THERE'S A LOG
ACROSS THE
ROAD, WARDEN!

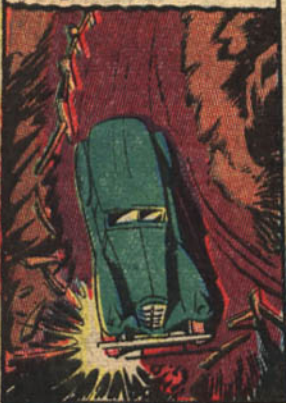


SUDDENLY, THE DEADLY
SNOUT OF A MACHINE GUN
IS THRUST THROUGH THE
UNDERBRUSH BORDERING
THE ROADSIDE, AND ----

Oooo!



--- UNCONTROLLED,
THE CAR HURTTLES
THROUGH THE FENCE,
AND AS IT CRASHES
TO A HALT ----



HIYA, WARDEN
OL' BOY, YOU
GOT YOURSELF
A NEW CHAUF-
FEUR! ---
ME!

YOU CRAZY KILLER!
I DON'T KNOW WHAT
YOUR GAME IS, BUT---



SHUT UP, AN' GIT IN THE FRONT
WID ME WHERE I KIN KEEP AN
EYE ON YOU! I GOT A COUPLE
O' PALS WHO ARE DYIN'
TO MEET YOU!



WELL, WELL---IF IT
AIN'T WAXY'S LIL'
PLAYMATE--THE
WARDEN!

SHUT UP, BUGG-
SY!--CH'ON
IN WAR-
DEN!



MIGHT AS WELL
MAKE YOURSELF
AT HOME, WAR-
DEN, YER GON-
NA BE HERE
A LONG TIME!

ARE YOU MAD?
EVERY COP
IN THE
COUNTRY
WILL BE
LOOKING
FOR ME,
SOON!



OH, NO DEY WON'T, WARDEN!
TAKE A LOOK AT DESE MOVIN'
PICTURES! RECOGNIZE DE GUY,
WARDEN?

WHY TH--THAT'S
ME!



RIGHT! WAXY HAD DEM TAKEN!
HE KNEW IF HE WUZ PINCHED
HE'D WIND UP IN YOUR
COOLER, SO HE'S HAD A
DOUBLE READY TO STEP IN--
TO YOUR SHOES!



THAT'S ME, WARDEN! I'VE STUD-
IED EVERY ONE OF YOUR
CHARACTERISTICS!
NOBODY
COULD TELL
US APART!



THAT NIGHT---

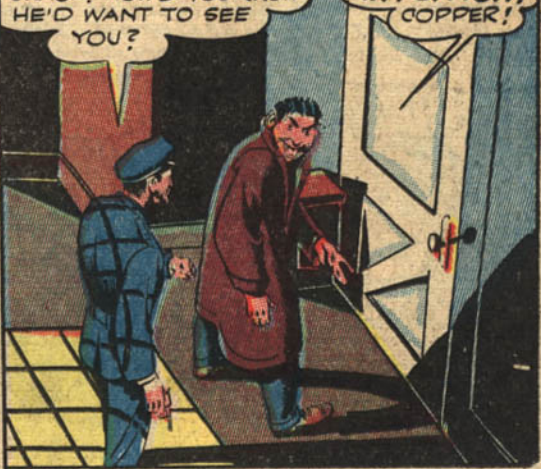
WARDEN WANTS TO
SEE YOU, SHULTZ!

I THOUGHT HE WOULD!
HEH, HEH, HEH!



WHADDA YOU MEAN BY THAT
CRACK! HOW'D YOU KNOW
HE'D WANT TO SEE
YOU?

MY WOMANLY
INTUITION,
COPPER!



WELL, HELLO SHULTZ!
THAT WAS A NEAT LITTLE
PLAN YOU HAD! LET
ME CONGRATULATE
YOU!

WHA--
WHAT
DO YOU
MEAN?



YOU KNOW DARNED WELL WHAT I
MEAN-- BUT
IT DIDN'T
WORK!

WHY
YOU--!

EASY,
RAT!



ALL RIGHT, BOYS--I WANT
TO HAVE A TALK WITH
SHULTZ-- ALONE! YOU
CAN GO BACK TO YOUR
POSTS!



DON'T ARGUE!
I CAN HANDLE
THIS THUG IF
HE GETS
TOUGH!

OKAY, WARDEN!
YOU'RE THE
BOSS!



WELL, WAXY! HOW'D YOU LIKE MY
ACT? I HAD YOU FOOLED, DIDN'T
I? YA REALLY THOUGHT I WUZ
THE WARDEN!



WHY, YOU DIRTY RAT! I
DON'T LIKE
THOSE KINDA
JOKES!

NIX, BOSS!
I WUZ ONLY
HAVIN' A
LITTLE FUN--
AAARRRRGH--



I--(GASP)--DIDN'T
THINK YOU'D BE
SO TOUCHY--(GROAN)
ALL RIGHT LET'S
BLOW THIS JOINT!

WAIT A MINUTE, PARROT!
MAYBE YA GOT SOME-
THIN THERE AT THAT!
YA REALLY DID HAVE
ME FOOLED!



YER ACT IS TOO GOOD TO WASTE,
PARROT! WE'RE STICKIN' AROUND
THIS JOINT FER AWHILE, YET!



YOU GET EVERY
GUARD IN HERE
AN' LEAVE THE
REST TO ME!

O--OKAY,
WAXY!



WONDER WHAT
THE WARDEN
WANTS US
FOR IN
SUCH A
RUSH!

MAYBE HE
GOT WIND
OF A
BREAK!



YEAH--
GUESS
YOU'RE
RIGHT!



WHEN ALL THE GUARDS ARE GATHERED--- WELL, WELL--LOOKS LIKE OLD-HOME WEEK!



WH--WHA--WAXY?

OKAY, COPPERS-- LINE UP AGAINST THE WALL-- ALL OF YOU!



WH--WHAT'RE YOU GOING TO DO, SHULTZ?

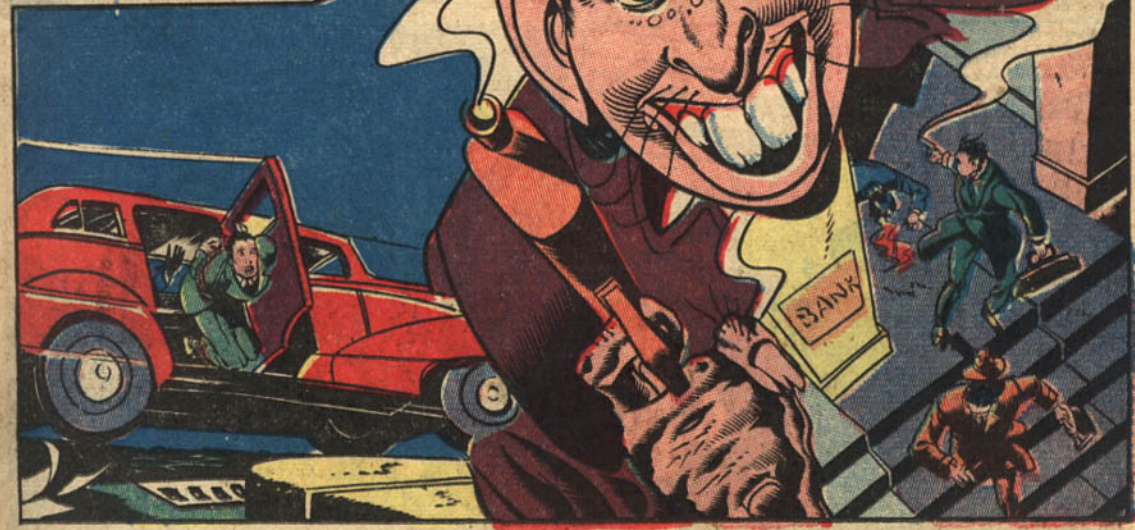
THIS!



NOT BAD, EH PARROT! NOW GET THE MOB DOWN HERE! THE OLD SHULTZ GANG IS IN BUSINESS AGAIN-- WITH NEW HEAD-QUARTERS!



AND SO, OPERATING WITH THE STATE PENITENTIARY AS HIS HIDEOUT WAXY SHULTZ AND HIS MOB SWEEP DOWN LIKE BLOODY VULTURES IN A CRIME WAVE THAT ROCKS THE COUNTRY!



IN THE NEWS PAPER OFFICE WHERE
THELMA GORDON WORKS AS A REPORT-
ER---

READING
ABOUT
THOSE
CRIMES,
BOB

YES,
THEL!

THE QUEER PART OF THIS MOB
IS THAT A NUMBER OF PEOPLE
HAVE IDENTIFIED THE
LEADER AS WAXY
SHULTZ!

--AND YET EVERYTIME
THE POLICE CHECK WITH
THE PENITENTIARY
'WAXY'S STILL
BEHIND BARS!

EXCUSE
ME, BOB,
THE PHONE!

'YES!-- THIS IS THE SENTIN-
EL! WHAT! A ROBBERY
AT THE FEDERAL BANK!
WHY DON'T
YOU CALL THE
POLICE?

DON'T ASK QUESTIONS LADY! YACAN
TAKE THIS TIP OR LEAVE IT! I DON'T
LIKE COPPERS, SEE! BUT I LIKE
THIS #G*!!? WHO'S GONNA
PULL THIS JOB, EVEN LESS--
SO LONG!

BOB--DID YOU--
WHY! HE'S
GONE!

MEANWHILE, AT THE
FEDERAL BANK---

FEDERAL BANK

KEEP 'EM UP, AND NO NOISE--
IF YA DON'T WANT YER TEETH
FILLED-- WID LEAD!

SUDDENLY AN UNINVITED GUEST MAKES A DRAMATIC ENTRANCE FROM AN UPPER STORY WINDOW--THE HANGMAN!



YOU BOYS HAVE BEEN PLAYING COPS AND ROBBERS FOR A LONG TIME!

--- BUT NOW WE'LL PLAY IT THE REAL WAY--- WITH COPS!



JUST A MINUTE YOU!-- LET'S HAVE A LOOK AT WHAT'S UNDER-NEATH THAT HANDKERCHIEF!

WAXY SHULTZ!

BLAST YOU, HANGMAN!



...TAKE DAT!



WHILE THE HANGMAN IS UNCONSCIOUS THE GUNMEN MAKE GOOD THEIR GET-AWAY!



NO WHEN THE POLICE ARRIVE SOON AFTER---

IT'S THE HANGMAN-- OUT COLD!



--AND IT WAS WAXY SHULTZ, I TELL YOU!

DO WE HAFTA GO THRU ALL THAT AGAIN, HANGMAN? WE'VE CHECKED ON HIM A DOZEN TIMES! HE'S BEHIND BARS, I TELL YA!

I DON'T BLAME THEM FOR NOT BELIEVING ME--BUT JUST THE SAME, THE HANGMAN'S GOING TO DO SOME PERSONAL CHECKING!

HERE IT IS ---AND EVERYTHING SEEMS TO BE QUIET ENOUGH!



--NIX! YA CAN'T GET IN TO SEE DE WARDEN TONIGHT! HE'S TOO BUSY! NOW BEAT IT!

HMM--I DON'T SEEM TO HAVE MUCH CHOICE!



WELL, SO LONG!

I'D KNOW THAT FACE ANYWHERE--BUGGSY MOILAN! ONE OF SHULTZ'S MOB!



BUT INSTEAD OF DRIVING AWAY THE HANGMAN SUDDENLY WHEELS HIS CAR ABOUT AND HURTLES IT PAST THE PARALYZED GUARD RIGHT THRU THE PRISON GATE----



IT'S DE HANGMAN, SLAPSY! LET 'IM HAVE IT!



THE HANGMAN'S WISE TO OUR SET-UP, I TELL YA, WAXY! WE BETTER LAM OUTTA HERE!



SHUT UP! I'LL GET THAT GUY BEFORE HE-- I'LL ANSWER THE PHONE!

WHAT! THE HANGMAN HERE! YOU STUPID CRUMBS! HOW'D YOU LET 'IM GET PAST THE GATE?



OKAY--MAYBE I'M GLAD HE'S HERE AT THAT! THIS TIME HE STUCK HIS NECK OUT TOO FAR!



---AND SO DID YOU, WAXY! YOU STUCK YOUR NECK RIGHT INTO THE HANGMAN'S NOOSE!



THE... THE HANGMAN!

I'M WISE TO YOUR SET-UP NOW-- VERY CLEVER GETTING A PHONEY WARDEN IN HERE--AND YOUR MOB IN AS GUARDS!



THAT MEANS YOU MUST HAVE MURDERED THE REAL GUARDS--AND YOU'RE GOING TO SWING FOR THAT IF NOTHING ELSE!



TRY AN' GET ME HANGMAN!

OKAY! YOU ASKED FOR IT!



AND YOU'RE GOING TO GET IT WITHOUT ASKING!

GLMMPH!

FOOTSTEPS!--THOSE PHONEY GUARDS MUST'VE HEARD THE FIGHTING! I'LL HAVE TO WORK FAST!

I'LL BE WATCHING YOU FROM THE NEXT ROOM, "WARDEN" WITH THIS GUN POINTING AT YOUR HEART! SO BE SURE AND SAY THE RIGHT THING!

HAVEN'T SPOT-
TED THE HANGMAN
J--JUST
YET, PARROT!
WHAT WUZ THAT
NOISE I HOID
IN HERE?

N--NOTHIN'!
J--JUST
SLIPPED!

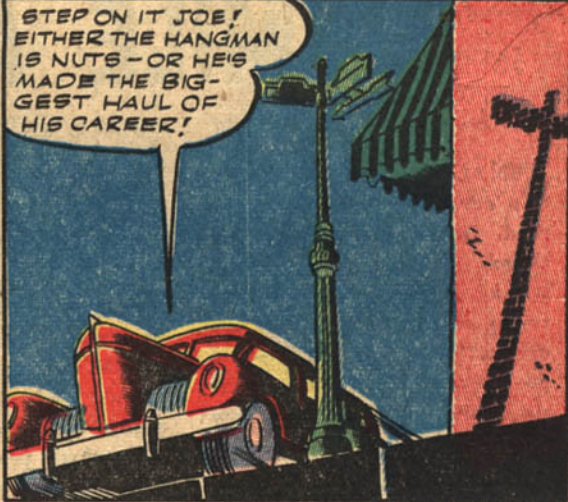
K--KEEP THE BOYS
LOOKIN' FOR HIM! HE---
HE'S AROUND, C---CLOSE
BY, I'M POSITIVE!

ALMOST SLIPPED THAT TIME,
PARROT! NOW, I'LL CALL UP
A COUPLE OF MY FRIENDS!
THEY'D LOVE TO
MEET YOU--I
KNOW!

WASSAT HANGMAN! ARE YOU KIDDIN'?
USIN' THE STATE JAIL AS HEADQUARTERS!
IT'S--IT'S UNBELIEVABLE---OKAY---
OKAY! HANG ONTO 'EM! WE'LL
BE RIGHT
THERE!



STEP ON IT JOE!
EITHER THE HANGMAN
IS NUTS--OR HE'S
MADE THE BIG-
GEST HAUL OF
HIS CAREER!



LATER, THAT EVENING--
WUXTRY!
READ
ALL ABOUT IT!
HANGMAN NABS
SHULTZ MOB!



☆ STAR TRIBUNE ☆
**WAXY SHULTZ AND MOB
USING PRISON AS HIDEOUS
CAPTURED BY HANGMAN**
KIDNAPPED WARDEN FOUND UNHARMED
STATE GUARDS BUTCHERED
A QUICK TRIAL IS
TO BE GIVEN SHULTZ
AND HIS GANG FOR
THE MOST GHASTLY
CRIME EVER COM-
MITTED IN THE HIS-
TORY OF THIS
COUNTRY!
RUSSIANS TAKE
NAZI STRONG
FIGHTING RA

...AND SO, SOME SHORT WEEKS LATER--
WAXY SHULTZ! THE JURY HAS COME TO A
VERY QUICK DECISION AS TO THE FATE
OF YOU AND YOUR HENCHMEN! I AM
HAPPY TO SENTENCE
YOU ALL ---



...TO BE HANGED BY THE NECK
UNTIL YOU ARE DEAD! AND
MAY GOD HAVE MERCY ON
YOUR BLACK SOULS!



THE
END

A SMILE AND A NOD

FINALLY, after two hours, a car was coming down the road. Joe started to wave his thumb slowly, methodically, staring at the windshield and trying to catch the eyes of the driver. That was the way to do it—catch their eyes. After six years you came to know certain tricks.

Six years was a long time, and Joe had come a long way. He looked older than twenty-four now, and that was because he had seen so much in those six years. He had escaped from the reformatory by slamming one of the guards in the head with a baseball bat. He was smart enough to stay put for three weeks before breaking out of the city. He was smart enough to fool the cops. When he did get away, he got away right. He made the Coast in five days by freight train.

There was an Aunt out on the Coast, and she had helped Joe. She didn't have much, but she was alone, and what little she had she was willing to share. At night she used to talk to Joe, and she used to say things that made him listen, that made his eyes fill and his lips tremble. She made him see right from wrong.

He went out and got himself a job. It was a tough job, a miserable job, but he worked at it, worked hard. Then, a week after he was promoted they laid him off. They didn't give a reason. They just laid him off. Two weeks after that

his Aunt died. A lawyer came and explained that she owed money. Joe wasn't arguing. He went away.

He got another job, lost it, went up to Oregon, worked for awhile and then took a long chance and came East. They picked him up in Ohio, more than three years after his escape. He didn't think they remembered that long. But he found out. Two men picked him up and were taking him to the police station, when he jumped out of the automobile and ducked away. Joe was fast and smart.

And so that was the story. He had to keep on the move. He couldn't stay in one place for long. It was drift and stop, drift and stop. Sometimes he worked, sometimes he ate only by charity. But he never stole. He never did anything to hurt anybody. At night he would look up at the sky and remember his Aunt, remember the things she had told him.

There is a difference between right and wrong and yet at the same time there is a difference between eating and not eating, and slowly this idea began to grow in Joe. As the years began to flick by, faster and more painfully, he began to realize that he was missing something. He was missing not only a clean bed and cooked food—he was missing something bigger.

He was missing too much!

It had to impress itself upon him sometime, and it was work-

ing on him now as that car came down the road. He was telling himself that he had put up with too much, that if he wanted the better things, he would have to get them in only one way—

"Come on, come on—stop, you louse," he murmured, and he smiled dimly as the car came to a stop with a shrieking of brakes.

It was a big black touring car, and the man driving it wore a light tan overcoat and a felt hat. The man was about 50. He smiled at Joe and said, "Goin' far?"

Joe got in, nodded. As he sat down he felt in his back pocket, slowly pulled out the penknife and waited. From the corner of his eye he sized up the driver and then looked at the flashy dashboard of the big car. Everything looked nice and easy, except that it was going to be a little tough pulling something like this with the car doing 70 and going faster each minute.

"You're in a hurry," Joe said.

The man nodded. He looked at Joe and then he jerked his head away, stared through the windshield.

Joe slowly slid the knife toward the man, and then he pressed it up against the man's side and said, "Slow down and keep going straight. Open the door and slide out, or else I'll put this into you."

The man's jaw muscles became knots of stone. His fingers gripped the wheel hard. Joe said, "Just one move, mister—just one move and I'll put the knife into you. I'm a hungry guy, and I'm not kidding around."

"Okay, kid," the driver said, "if you want to do business that way—"

"Shut up," Joe said. "Slow down and open the door and roll out when I tell you to."

"Look kid, maybe we don't have to go to all this trouble. Maybe I can see things your way and—"

"If you don't hurry up and see things my way the knife goes into you and ends your worries. Now—"

From behind the big billboards and the bushes fringing the concrete just ahead, four motorcycles shot into the center of the road. They moved toward the car, and the cops had revolvers in their hands,

"What the hell is this?" said Joe.

"A farewell party, kid. They are after me. Two weeks ago I

got out of the state pen—killed a couple of guards and then robbed a bank a few days later. It was only a question of time, and now they got me. The only reason I picked you up was to kidnap you, use you as a shield in case we ran into trouble."

The motorcycles were getting near now. One of the cops fired in the air, a warning.

"What you gonna do?" Joe said.

"I ain't got a thing to lose, kid. You ain't neither—now. You probably got a record yourself. And if they catch you with me—"

He ducked low in the seat and put the accelerator down to the floor. Joe yelled in fear and shock. He ducked also. He could hear the motor screaming and he could hear bullets, he could see the flash as a bullet passed in front of his eyes and then he heard the man beside him screaming. After that he fell into darkness.

The big man with the shield on his lapel took a long puff and said, "Well, the young fellow's entitled to half the reward, as I see it. Doske picked

him up to kidnap him, he says, and that's a logical story. Besides, he'll be in the hospital another two weeks, and he'll carry that scar on his face for the rest of his life. I say we give him the two grand."

The other men nodded. The big man took another long puff and picked up the telephone. He called the hospital and he asked to speak to Joe.

Joe didn't say much. He just listened. When he put down the receiver he looked up at the white ceiling and smiled dimly through the bandages. He saw his Aunt up there on the ceiling and he said to her with his eyes, I lied to the cops, Aunt. Not only that—I would have put my knife into that guy. I would have robbed him. But look, Aunt—I been getting the wrong side of the deal for so long, and now I've got a break. I can take that dough, put it into something, get started right and do the right thing, the things you used to tell me about. That'll be okay, won't it, Aunt, won't it?

And his Aunt smiled, and nodded.

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACTS OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AND MARCH 3, 1917

OF HANNAH CONWAY, published quarterly at Holyoke, Mass., for October 1st, 1942.

State of New York

County of New York

I, before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and County aforesaid, personally appeared Louis H. Silberkleit, who, having been duly sworn according to law, depose and say that he is the publisher of Hannah Conway, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Act of March 3, 1917, embodied in section 541, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to-wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business manager are: Publisher, Louis H. Silberkleit, 160 West Broadway, New York City; editor, Harry Shorter, 120 West Broadway, New York City; managing editor, John L. Goldwater, 160 West Broadway, New York

City; business manager, Louis H. Silberkleit, 160 West Broadway, New York City.

2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.) M. L. J. Monaghan, Inc., 160 West Broadway, New York City; Louis H. Silberkleit, 160 West Broadway, New York City; Maurice Coyne, 160 West Broadway, New York City; John L. Goldwater, 160 West Broadway, New York City.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of the total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none so state.) None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company, but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the

books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds or other securities than as so stated by him.

5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the twelve months preceding the date shown above is: (This information is required from daily publications only.)

LOUIS H. SILBERKLEIT

(Signature of Publisher)

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 25th day of September, 1942. Maurice Coyne, City Commission expires March 27, 1944.

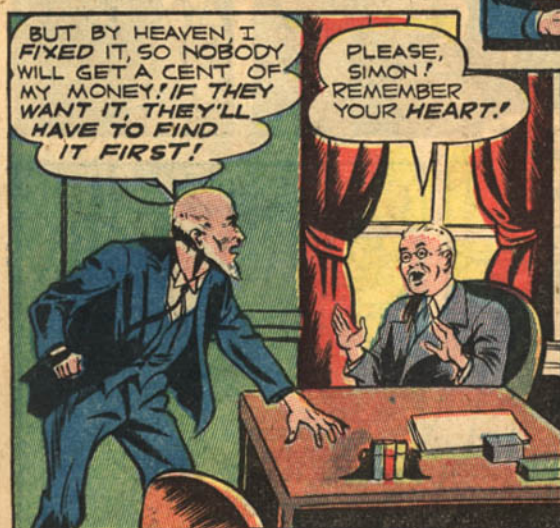
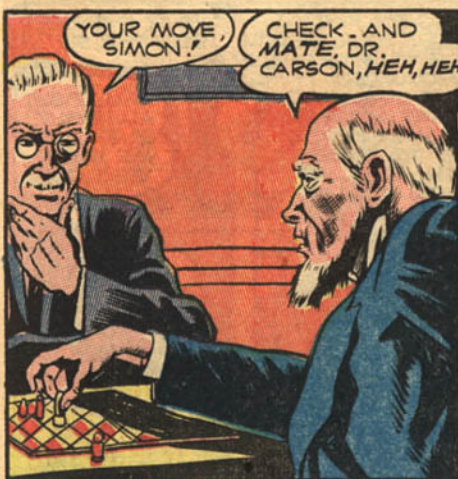
[SEAL]

The HANGMAN

SPECIAL CASE NO. 18.

MURDER WORE A SUIT





BOSH! DON'T TRY TO HOODWINK ME YOU YOUNG SCAMP! IT'S MY **BAD HEALTH** YOU'RE INTERESTED.. NOT MY **GOOD HEALTH!** NOW I'M GOING TO BED! GOOD NIGHT!!

I FEEL SORRY FOR YOU UNCLE! YOUR WEALTH HAS MADE YOU MISERABLE! YOU'VE **HOARDED** IT ALL YOUR LIFE.. AND NOW THAT YOUR DAYS ARE NUMBERED, YOU'D LIKE TO TAKE IT WITH YOU.. IF YOU COULD!!

YOUR EVENING SEDATIVE, SIR!

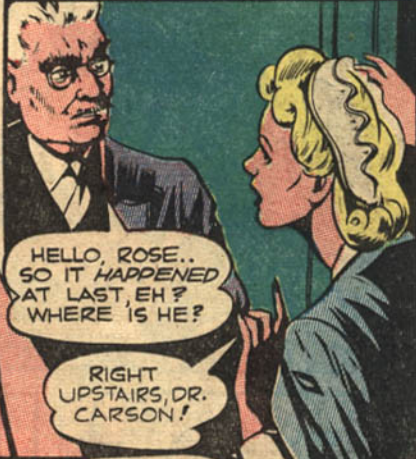
ALL RIGHT. ALL RIGHT. GIVE IT TO ME, AND GET OUT!



LATER THAT EVENING...

ROSE! GET DR. CARSON! SOMETHING'S HAPPENED TO MR. STARR!

YES, DR. CARSON! IT'S MR. STARR! HIS HEART I THINK! HURRY!



HELLO, ROSE.. SO IT HAPPENED AT LAST, EH? WHERE IS HE?

RIGHT UPSTAIRS, DR. CARSON!

I KNEW THIS WOULD HAPPEN SOONER OR LATER! I HOPE I'M NOT TOO LATE!



GOOD LORD! I'M AFRAID I AM!!



NO PULSE... RESPIRATION STOPPED! YES! HE'S DEAD ALLRIGHT!

OBVIOUSLY HE HAD A STROKE! I'LL ARRANGE FOR THE BURIAL AT ONCE!

YES, SIR! YES, DR. CARSON!



OH, BY THE WAY, ROSE, HAVE YOU SEEN THE MASTER'S FULL DRESS SUIT??

WHY, I SENT IT TO THE CLEANERS!

WHAT? WHO TOLD YOU TO DO ANYTHING LIKE THAT? SINCE WHEN DID YOU BECOME MR. STARR'S VALET?

ER... I'M A LITTLE UPSET, THAT'S ALL! WHAT'S THE ADDRESS OF THAT CLEANER, ROSE?



SAY! WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH YOU? WHAT ARE YOU GETTING SO EXCITED ABOUT??



AT THAT MOMENT IN THE HOME OF BOB DICKERING..

ALL RIGHT! ALL RIGHT! STOP RUSHING ME THELMA! I'M HURRYING AS MUCH AS I CAN!

AND WE WOMEN ARE SUPPOSED TO BE LATE IN OUR APPOINTMENTS!

WILL YOU ANSWER THE DOOR PLEASE, THEL?





WELL, LOOKS LIKE I TOOK SOME STARCH OUT OF THAT GUY! WHO IS HE, SAM?

MR. SIMON STARR'S BUTLER.. HE CAME IN FOR MR. STARR'S SUIT! AND WHEN I TOLD HIM I SENT IT TO YOU BY MISTAKE, MR. DICKERING, HE WENT CRAZY! DID YOU BRING HIS SUIT BACK?

YES! AND I THINK I'M GOING TO DELIVER IT PERSONALLY... HOW ABOUT IT, THEL?

THE HECK WITH THE PARTY! I'M WITH YOU, BOB!

WELL... IF IT ISN'T OUR PUGNACIOUS FRIEND! HERE'S THE SUIT YOU WERE SO ANXIOUS TO GET! WHAT'S THE MATTER? IS MR. STARR GOING TO A WEDDING?

OH, HELLO, SIR! I'M AWFULLY SORRY I LOST MY HEAD!

YOU SEE, MR. STARR DIED A LITTLE WHILE AGO... AND I'M NOT MYSELF! THE RELATIVES ARE GATHERED RIGHT NOW FOR THE WILL READING!

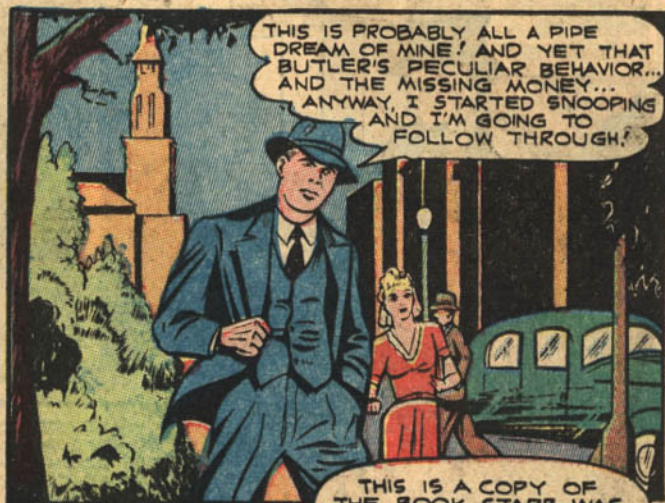
HMM... SIMON STARR THE QUEER RECLUSE DEAD, EH? MIND IF WE GO IN? THIS YOUNG LADY IS A REPORTER AND THIS MIGHT MAKE A STORY FOR HER!

Inside

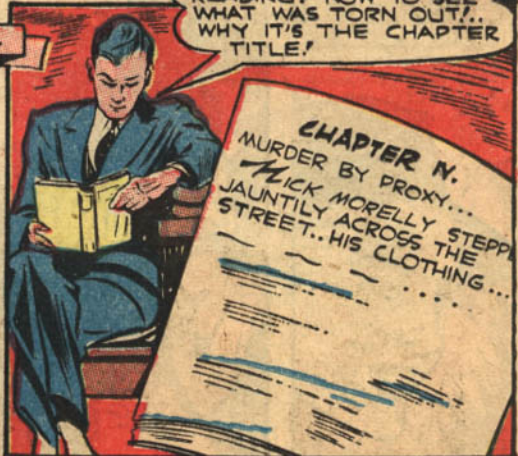
WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT? WE ALL KNOW MY UNCLE HAD MONEY! THOUSANDS AND THOUSANDS OF DOLLARS!

WELL, YOU FIND IT THEN! AS HIS LAWYER I KNOW HE KEPT NOTHING IN THE BANK, AND THERE ISN'T EVEN A WILL DRAWN UP... FOR ME TO EXECUTE !!!

IT'S A TRICK! THAT OLD MISER HID HIS MONEY, AND IT'S UP TO YOU TO FIND IT!



AND SO SOMETIME LATER.. IN THE PUBLIC LIBRARY..



MURDER BY PROXY!
EH? THAT MIGHT
MEAN SOMETHING!
AND THE HANGMAN'S
GOING TO FIND OUT
JUST WHAT!

SOME TIME LATER...

I THOUGHT I'D
NEVER HAVE A CHANCE
TO GET OFF ALONE WITH
THIS SUIT!

THE...
THE...
**HANGMAN'S
NOOSE!**

SUDDENLY...

**PANIC-STRICKEN THE BUTLER
BOLTS FOR THE DOOR...**

WORRIES YOU, DOESN'T IT?
IT MIGHT FIT NICELY AROUND
YOUR NECK... **FOR THE
MURDER OF SIMON
STARR!!**

**TAKE THAT
HANGMAN!!**

WITH THE HANGMAN IN HOT PURSUIT...

HE DUCKED
THROUGH
THIS
DOOR!

BUT AS THE BUTLER
CONTINUES HIS FLIGHT
HE STUMBLES, AND...



AND NOW YOU'RE
GOING TO
CONFESS, OR..

Y.. YES!
STARR WAS
MURDERED!
BUT IT WASN'T
MY IDEA! I
SWEAR IT!!
IT WAS...



SUDDENLY, THE
ROOM IS PLUNGED
INTO BLACKNESS,
AND...



STAY AWAY
FROM ME
HANGMAN,
OR I'LL
BRAIN YOU!



I'M NOT
HAVING ANY
TODAY, MISTER!



WHEN THE HANGMAN
TURNS ON THE LIGHTS AGAIN

Ooo! WOTTA
WALLOP! GREAT
SCOTT!!
MURDERED..
AND THE SUIT'S
GONE....



THE MURDERER
DIDN'T HAVE MUCH
TIME FOR A
GET AWAY!
WHO'S THAT
DISAPPEARING
DOWN THE
HALL??



HANGMAN..
IS SOMETHING
WRONG?

STARR'S NEPHEW!
WHAT WERE YOU
RUNNING
DOWN THE
CORRIDOR,
FOR? DO
YOU KNOW
ANYTHING
ABOUT THE
BUTLER'S
MURDER
???



GOOD LORD... OF COURSE NOT! I WAS HURRYING BECAUSE I THOUGHT MY PHONE WAS RINGING!

HMM... MAYBE... COME ON DOWNSTAIRS WITH ME!

THE HANGMAN GATHERS THE ENTIRE HOUSEHOLD TOGETHER...

THERE'S A MURDERER AMONGST US! HE'S KILLED THE BUTLER, AND PERHAPS SIMON STARR!

WHAT??

BUT STARR DIED OF HEART FAILURE, DR. CARSON CAN TESTIFY TO THAT!

NEVERTHELESS WE'LL HAVE TO CALL THE POLICE, AT ONCE!

THANKS VERY MUCH, DR. CARSON, FOR PHONING! WE NEED COMPLETE COOPERATION AT THIS STAGE OF THE GAME!


THE POLICE WON'T BE ABLE TO GET HERE FOR AWHILE! I SUGGEST WE ALL GO TO OUR ROOMS, AND LOCK OURSELVES IN.. FOR SAFETY'S SAKE!

GOOD IDEA, DR. CARSON!

THE HANGMAN IS RIGHT! THE POLICE SHOULD BE NOTIFIED! I MIGHT HAVE BEEN WRONG IN MY DIAGNOSIS!

SOME TIME LATER A FIGURE STEALTHILY CREEPS INTO ONE OF THE ROOMS...
BENT ON...

MURDER!!



STARTLED BY A NOISE,
THE MURDERER TURNS...
HIS FACE IS CAUGHT BY
THE HALF LIGHT AND HE
STANDS REVEALED AS...

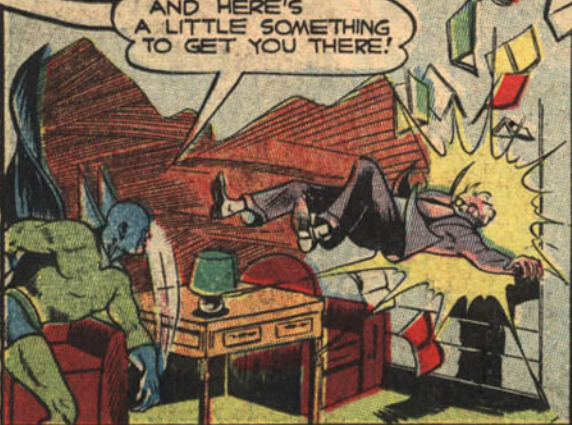


NO, CARSON! I
EXPECTED A VISIT
FROM YOU! IT WAS
A **DUMMY**, YOU SUNK
YOUR KNIFE INTO...
AND YOU'RE NOT
GOING TO GET
ANOTHER CHANCE
TO USE IT!



I'VE GONE
TOO FAR, TO
HAVE YOU
INTERFERE
WITH MY
PLANS!

AND HERE'S
A LITTLE SOMETHING
TO GET YOU THERE!



DR. CARSON!
I KNEW IT
WAS YOU!

HANGMAN,
BLAST YOU! I JUST
PUT A KNIFE THROUGH
YOU !!

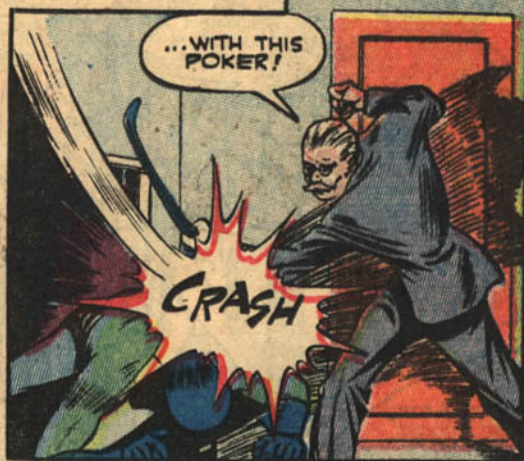
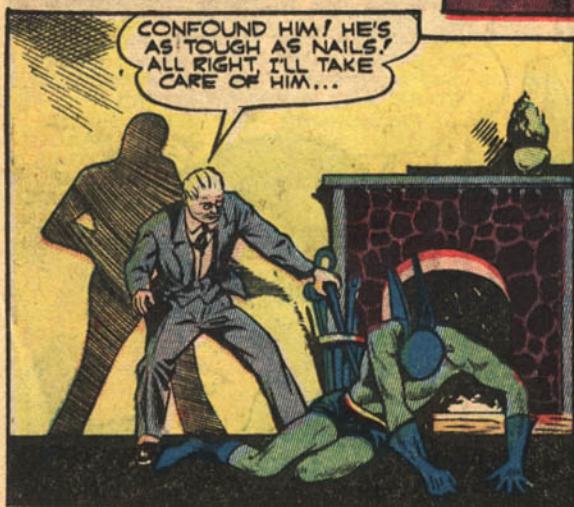


NO, CARSON, YOU
HAVEN'T GONE FAR ENOUGH!
YOUR LAST STOP IS THE
GALLIES!!



FRANTIC WITH FEAR, DR. CARSON QUICKLY
SCAMPERS TO HIS LEFT, REACHES FOR
A STATUETTE, AND...







BUT AS THE AVARICIOUS FINGERS OF DR. CARSON REACH INTO THE SAFE, THERE IS A BLINDING FLASH... A WILD SHRIEK OF PAIN FROM SEARED LIPS AND...



ELECTROCUTED!...
THAT SAFE WAS WIRED WITH THOUSANDS OF VOLTS OF ELECTRICITY! I'LL GET THE REST OF THE FAMILY TOGETHER, AND TELL THEM... **THE CASE IS CLOSED!**



YOU MAY ALL RETURN TO YOUR HOMES NOW! STARR'S WEALTH HAS BEEN FOUND! ITS DISTRIBUTION WILL BE TAKEN CARE OF BY THE PROPER AUTHORITIES...!!!

BUT THE POLICE! THEY'LL...

THEY'LL NEVER COME! NOT AT LEAST UNTIL I CALL THEM! THAT PHONE CARSON USED WAS DEAD! FORTUNATELY I'D SEEN THE WIRES IN THIS HOUSE HAD BEEN CUT BEFORE THEN, AND WHEN I SAW THE DOCTOR PRETEND TO SPEAK INTO IT, I KNEW HE WAS THE MURDERER! HE HAD **POISONED** STARR, AND THEN TRIED TO PRONOUNCE HIM DEAD FROM HEART FAILURE... THE BUTLER WAS HIS ACCOMPLICE!



AFTER THE RELATIVES LEAVE, THE HANGMAN ONCE AGAIN BECOMES, **BOB DICKERING...**

ONLY THING I STILL DON'T GET, THEL IS, WHY CARSON AND THE BUTLER WERE SO OBVIOUSLY DESPERATE TO GET THIS SUIT!

BOB! JUST LOOK AT THESE BUTTONS! SUCH A SLOPPY JOB OF SEWING!

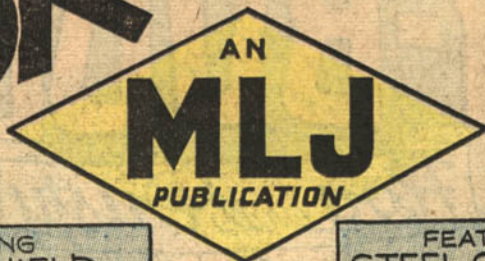
GREAT SCOTT, THEL, YOU'VE HIT ON IT! THOSE BUTTONS WERE **DELIBERATELY** SEWED THAT WAY!

THE THREADS REPRESENT NUMBERS, NUMBERS TO THE COMBINATION OF STARR'S SAFE! CARSON **KNEW** WHERE THAT SAFE WAS HIDDEN... BUT HE DIDN'T KNOW THE COMBINATION! STARR WAS AN INGENUOUS DEVIL, ALL RIGHT!



LOOK

FOR THIS TRADEMARK:



FEATURING
THE SHIELD

FEATURING
STEEL STERLING

FEATURING
THE HANGMAN

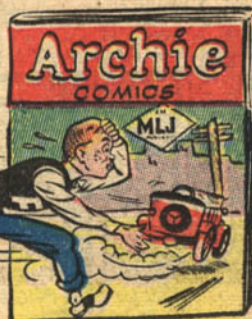


FEATURING
THE SHIELD AND
THE WIZARD



FEATURING
POKEY
OAKLEY

FEATURING
THE
BLACK
HOOD



FEATURING
ARCHIE
THE BIRTH OF
A NATION

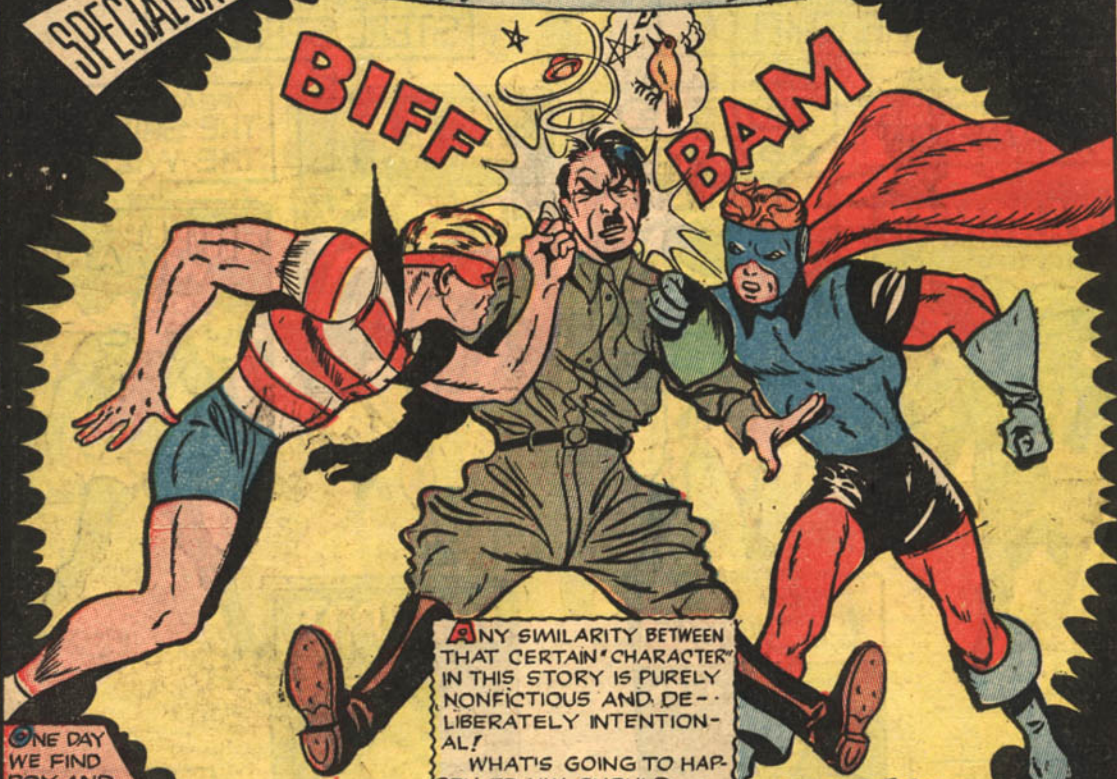
THE

BOY-BUDDIES

SPECIAL CASE No. 12

Roy and Dusty

BIFF BAM



ONE DAY WE FIND ROY AND DUSTY SITTING IN THEIR ROOM WHEN SUDDENLY-----

WELL I'LL BE!

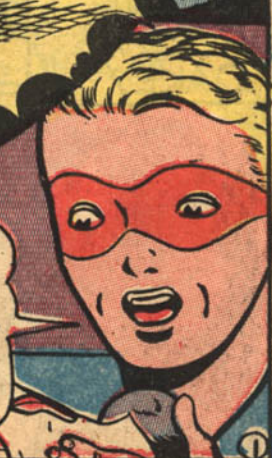
SOME-BODY THREW A ROCK OR SOMETHING!

ANY SIMILARITY BETWEEN THAT CERTAIN CHARACTER IN THIS STORY IS PURELY NONFICTIONAL AND DELIBERATELY INTENTIONAL!

WHAT'S GOING TO HAPPEN TO HIM SHOULD HAPPEN TO A DOG--- ANYWAY OUR BOY BUDDIES WERE CONFRONTED BY THEIR MOST FANTASTIC ADVENTURES--- MAYBE IT HAPPENED AND MAYBE IT DIDN'T! BUT WE CAN DREAM, CAN'T WE?

THERE'S A PIECE OF PAPER WRAPPED AROUND THE ROCK! IT SAYS, "GO TO THE OLD WAREHOUSE ON THE CORNER OF CHESTNUT AND VINE STREETS AND YOU'LL FIND THE GREATEST SURPRISE OF YOUR LIFE!"

CRASH





LOOKS LIKE SOME-BODY'S PLAYING A JOKE ON US!

AW, COME ON, ROY, AND LET'S FIND OUT!

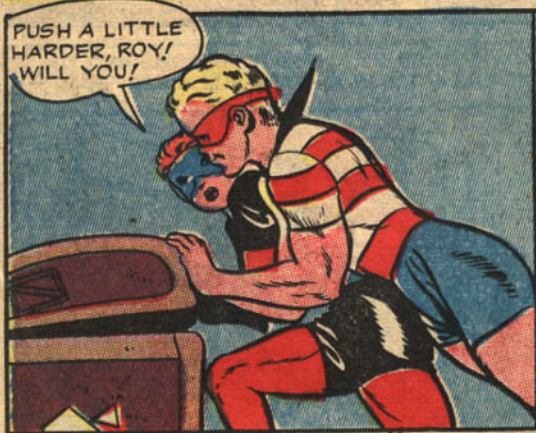


WELL THERE IS THE WAREHOUSE! PERFECT SETTING FOR A MURDER, EH?



NOTHING IN HERE, BUT AN OLD TRUNK!

LET'S TAKE A LOOK AT IT!



PUSH A LITTLE HARDER, ROY! WILL YOU!



THIS IS A SURPRISE!
WHY IT'S HITLER!

GLUBB! GLUBB!

TAKE IT EASY! DUSTY MAYBE THIS GUY IS A **FAKE!!**



THE MUSTACHE IS **REAL!!**

LET'S TAKE THE TAPE OFF HIS MOUTH AND SEE WHAT HE HAS TO SAY!

LASST MICH HERAUS, IHR IDIOTEN! TRANSLATION: GET ME OUTTA THIS JOINT.

HE SOUNDS LIKE HIM ALL RIGHT!

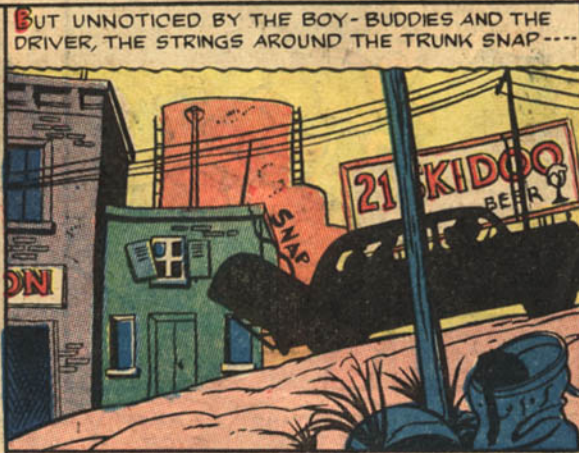
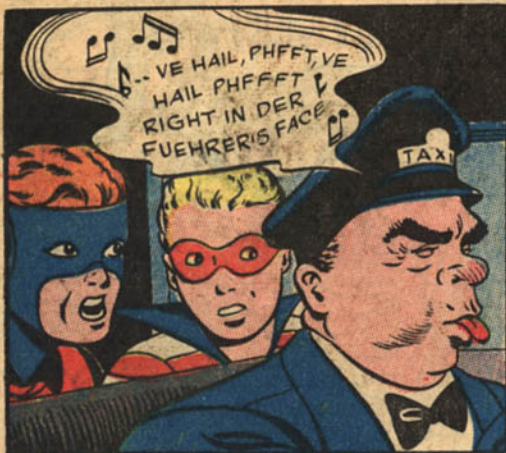
SURE, SURE, PAL JUST RELAX--- THESE PAPERS I FOUND ON HIM. SAY IT'S HIM ALL RIGHT!

AND REMEMBER THE NEWS ON THE RADIO LAST NIGHT THAT HITLER WAS UNABLE TO MAKE A SPEECH!

LET'S GET HIM OUT OF HERE AS FAST AS POSSIBLE!

BOY-OH-BOY WHAT A **CATCH!**









DIESE LAUSE JUNGEN HABEN
VOR, MICH DEM POBEL AUSZU
LIEFERN AUßER ICH WERDE
SIE ENTTAUSCHEN ----
ENGLISH TRANSLATION: I'LL
SCRAM!

HEY! COME BACK!
WHY YOU @#\$!%*!



IN A MAD DASH, THE DISGUISED
HITLER DISAPPEARS INTO THE
FROLICKING CROWDS AT A NEAR-
BY AMUSEMENT PARK ----



YEAH, BUT
WHICH ONE IS IT?
THEY ALL LOOK
ALIKE FROM
THE BACK!

WE'LL
SOON FIND
OUT! IF MY
TRICK WORKS!



HEIL
HITLER!

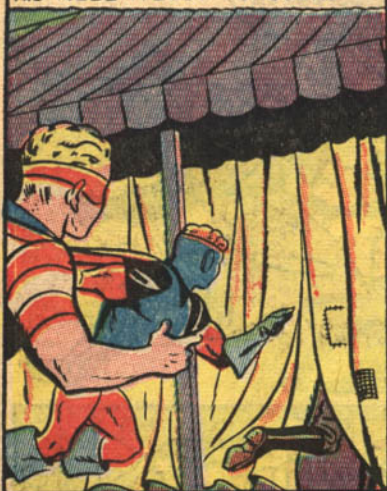


HEIL!

THAT'S
HIM!



---AND AGAIN HITLER ELUDES HIS RELENTLESS PURSUERS---



INSIDE THE THEATER, IT IS AMATEUR NIGHT!

AND NOW INCHY WINCHY CRINCHY DOGFOOD, PRESENTS AS ITS NEXT CONTESTANT, JOE GLUBB, IMPERSONATOR OF FAMOUS PEOPLE--



IT SEEMS I ARRIVED JUST IN TIME FOR A POLITICAL MEETING! NOW'S MY CHANCE TO MAKE A SPEECH!

AMONG HIS IMPERSONATIONS IS--- WE'LL SEE FOR YOURSELF!

HAIL!

PHZZZZ



PRETTY GOOD, EH?

AMERIKANER VOLKS-GENOSSEN ICH BIN HEUTE ABEND---



BUT HIS VERY CRITICAL AUDIENCE DOES NOT SEEM TO APPRECIATE HIS PERFORMANCE! THEY THINK HE IS NO GOOD AND MAKE NO BONES ABOUT IT!

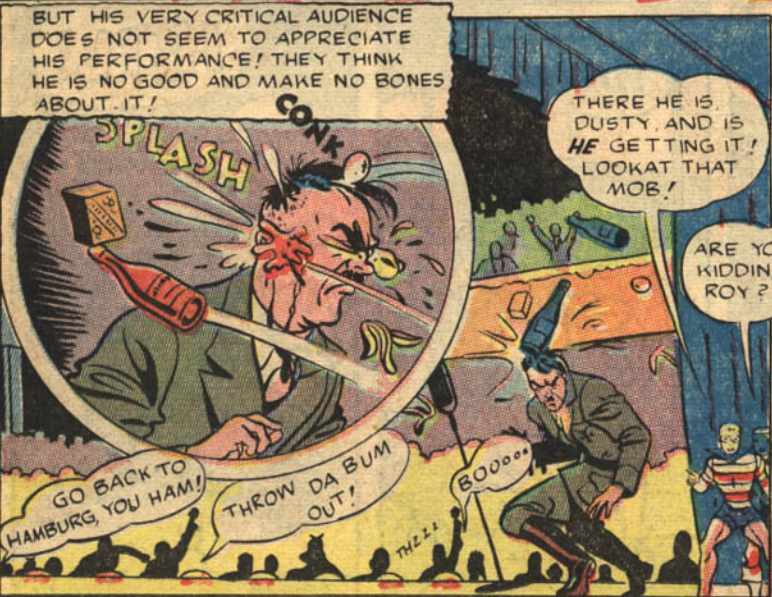
SPLASH

CONK

THERE HE IS, DUSTY, AND IS HE GETTING IT! LOOK AT THAT MOB!

ARE YOU KIDDIN, ROY?

COME ON LET'S GET HIM OUT OF HERE, BUT QUICK!



AFTER THE BOY BUDDIES DRAGGED HIM OUT OF THE THEATER ----

THAT'S FOR BEING A LOUSY ACTOR!

AND THAT'S FOR RUNNING AWAY!

DUSTY, THERE'S OUR CHANCE TO GET RID OF HIM, ONCE AND FOR ALL ---- WE'LL FLY HIM BACK TO GERMANY!

HURRY UP BEFORE HE COMES TO, AND BEFORE THE OWNER OF THIS PLANE COMES BACK!

WO BIN ICH?

YOU'RE ON YOUR WAY BACK, WHERE YOU CAME FROM!

HOURS LATER THE PLANE REACHES THE COAST OF FRANCE ----

NOW YOU'LL PUT ON THIS PARACHUTE AND JUMP! VERSTAIST?

OUT YOU GO! HEIL HEEL!

HEY! DUSTY, YOU MADE A MISTAKE! YOU GAVE HIM THE **KNAPSACK** INSTEAD OF THE PARACHUTE!

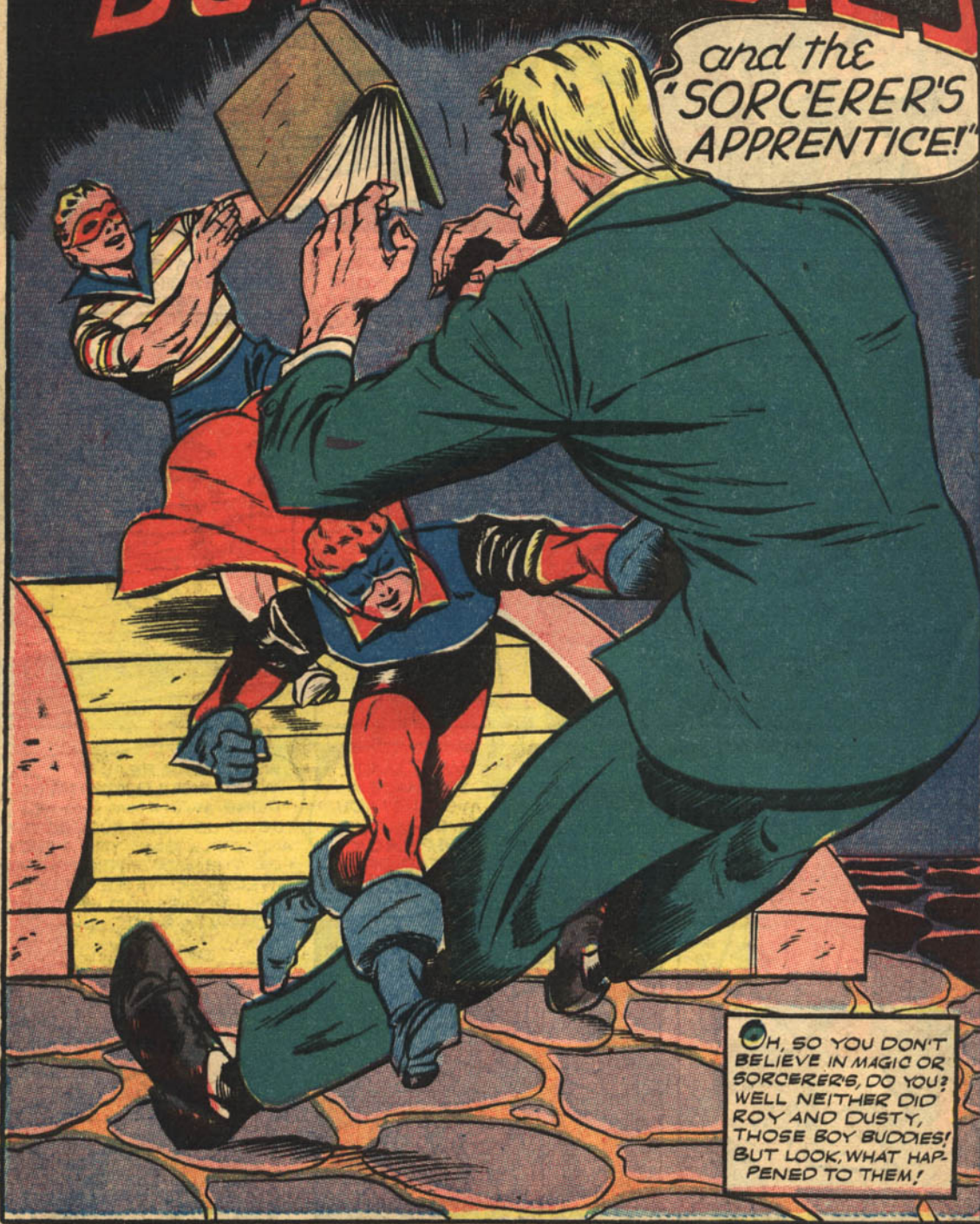
WELL DEAR READER WHAT WOULD YOU HAVE DONE WITH HIM? ---- SEND US YOUR SUGGESTIONS AND WE'LL GIVE YOU A PRIZE FOR THE MOST ORIGINAL ANSWERS! SO WRITE TO US: BOY BUDDIES, 160 WEST BROADWAY, RM 315 N. Y. C.!

THE END ---- OF HIM. WE HOPE!

THE

BOY BUDDIES

and the
"SORCERER'S
APPRENTICE!"



OH, SO YOU DON'T BELIEVE IN MAGIC OR SORCERERS, DO YOU? WELL NEITHER DID ROY AND DUSTY, THOSE BOY BUDDIES! BUT LOOK, WHAT HAPPENED TO THEM!

NO!

ARMY
RECRUITING
STATION

NAVY
RECRUITING
OFFICE

SORRY!

MARINE
RECRUITING
POST

DOGGONE IT! I MUST
BE GOOD FOR SOMETHING
CAN'T I DO ANYTHING FOR
MY COUNTRY?

DONATE
YOUR
BLOOD
FOR THE
ARMED
FORCES!

AH! THERE'S
SOMETHING I
CAN DO!

I'M SORRY, MR. STRONG,
BUT ALL OUR TESTS FAIL TO
REVEAL THE SLIGHTEST BIT
OF BLOOD WHICH YOU
COULD GIVE!

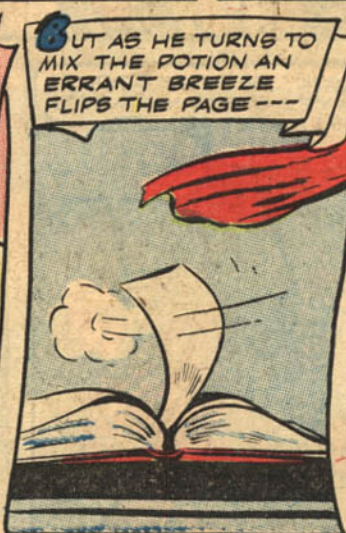
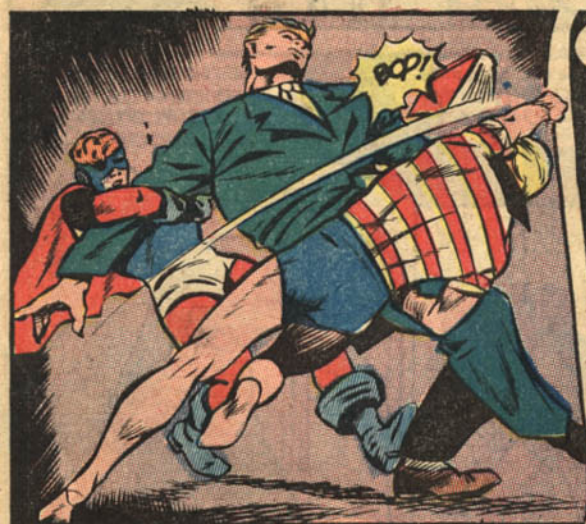
THEY WON'T LET ME
JOIN THE ARMY OR THE
NAVY OR THE MARINES!
AND NOW THEY TRY TO
TELL ME I HAVEN'T EVEN
GOT ANY BLOOD!

IT'S A
CONSPIRACY!

I'LL SHOW
'EM I CAN
FIGHT AS
WELL AS
ANYBODY!

YAAAAA!





NOW!

GULP!

LOOK!

GOOD HEAVENS!

WHY - WHAT'S THE
MATTER? WHY ARE YOU
LOOKING AT ME LIKE
THAT?

WHY? YOU'RE
TURNING INTO
A DOG!

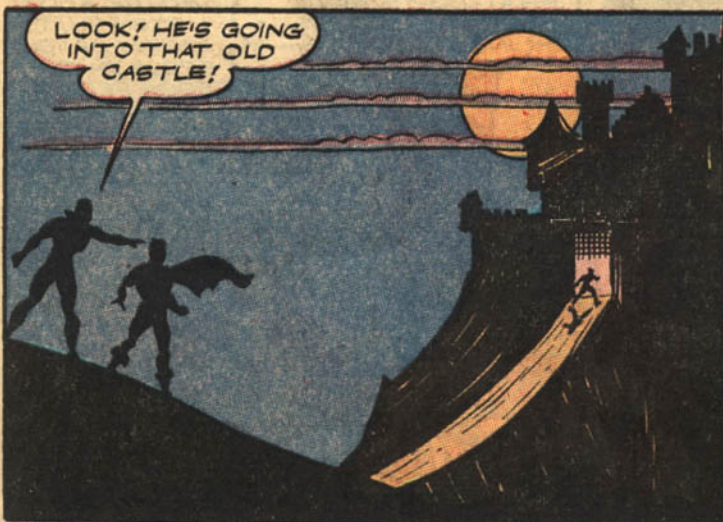
A DOG? WOOF!
WHY THAT'S IM-
POSSIBLE! WOOF,
WOOF!

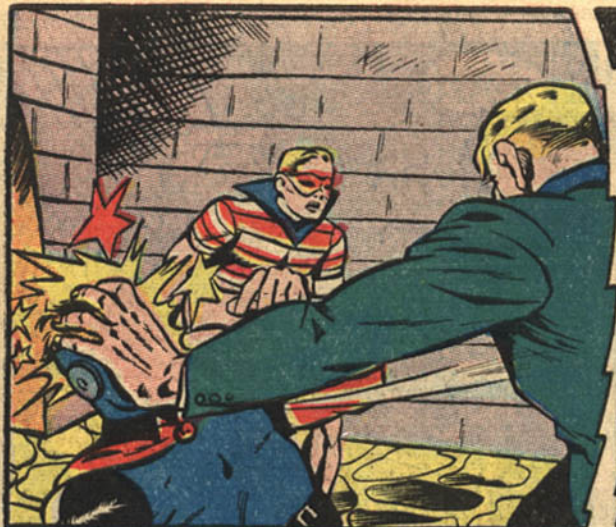
WOOF!
WOOF!

QUICK! GET THE BOOK!
MAYBE WE CAN CHANGE
HIM BACK!

YES! YES!
THE BOOK!

THE BOOK! ---
WELL I'LL BE --
IT'S GONE!





QUICKLY THE BOY BUD-
DIES RUN TO THE LANDLADY--

WHAT? THE DOG? WHY,
I GAVE HIM TO THE ARMY!
YOU KNOW, THE WAGS!
I CAN'T HAVE DOGS
IN MY HOUSE!

THANKS!

HURRY, ROY! WE
MAY STILL BE
IN TIME!

THERE
HE IS!

U.S. ARMY PO

YOU SLIP OVER
AND TALK TO HIM!
I'LL WAIT HERE!

O.K.!

HELLO THERE!
HOW DID YOU MAKE
OUT WITH THE
BOOK?

OH, THE SORCERER!
WELL, DUSTY'S IN
THERE NOW, STRONG'S
LANDLADY GAVE HIM
TO THE WAGS!

HERE HE COMES
NOW!

U.S. ARMY

WELL YOU MIGHT
AS WELL GIVE THE
SORCERER THE
BOOK!

WHAT?
WHY?

WELL, STRONG SAYS NOW THAT
HE'S FINALLY IN THE ARMY HE'S
GONNA STAY IN, EVEN IF HE
HAS TO REMAIN A DOG
TO DO IT!

INSTRUCTIONS FOR MAKING THE "SILENT BIRDMAN"

HERE'S A SIMPLE LITTLE OUTDOOR GLIDER THAT ANYBODY CAN BUILD IN A FEW HOURS! ALL THAT IS NEEDED IS A RAZOR, SMOOTH SANDPAPER, AND BALSA WOOD OF THE MEASUREMENTS CALLED FOR ON THE PLAN!

THE FIRST STEP IS TO TRACE THE TOP VIEW OF THE WINGS ON A SHEET OF BALSA WOOD $\frac{1}{8}$ " THICK! SINCE THE WINGS ARE MADE IN HALVES, CUT ONE WING PANEL AT A TIME! SAND THE TOP SURFACES OF THE WINGS SO THAT THEIR PROFILE IS LIKE THAT OF THE WING SECTION! (SEE DRAWING) THE CURVE OF THE WING MUST BE UNIFORM THROUGHOUT!

THE TAIL AND RUDDER ARE CUT TO SHAPE FROM $\frac{1}{16}$ " THICKNESS SHEET BALSA! FRONT AND REAR EDGES ARE TAPERED FOR STREAMLINING!

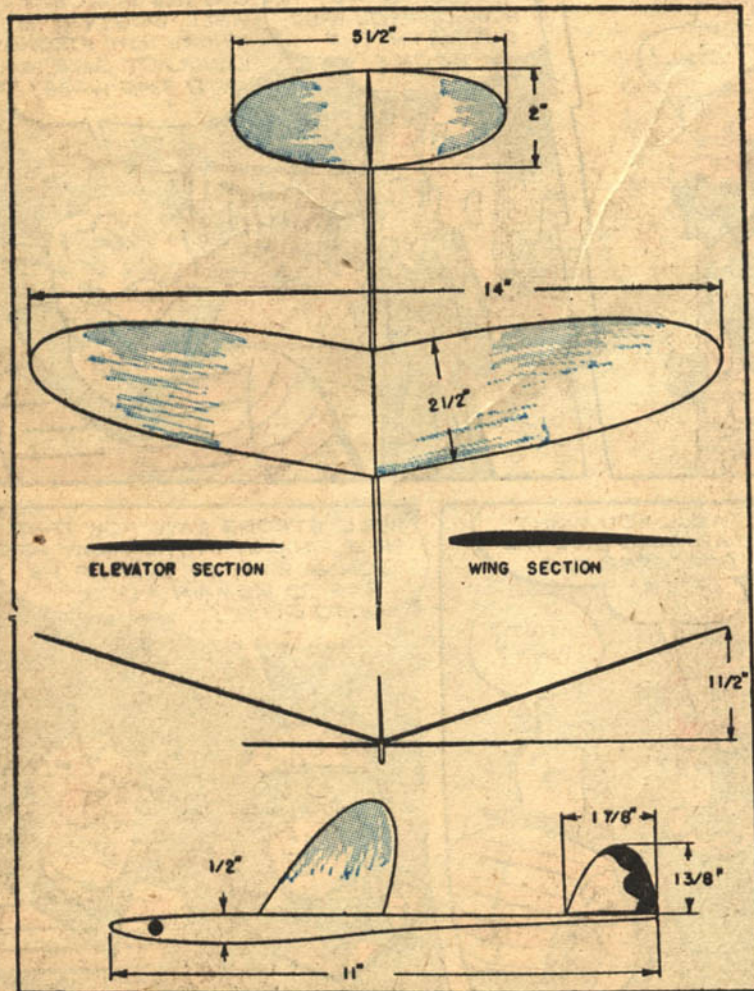
THE FUSELAGE IS CARVED FROM A STRIP OF HARD BALSA MEASURING $\frac{1}{4}$ " THICK, $\frac{1}{2}$ " DEEP AND 11" LONG! TRIM TO THE SHAPE SHOWN AND SAND SMOOTHLY!

ASSEMBLE THE MODEL BY GLUEING THE WINGS IN THE POSITION SHOWN AND RAISING EACH WING TIP TO A HEIGHT OF $1\frac{1}{2}$ "! PLACE BLOCKS UNDER THE EXTREME TIPS TO HOLD GLUED WINGS IN POSITION UNTIL GLUE HARDENS! PLACE A COAT OF GLUE DIRECTLY OVER THE JOINING WINGS!

WHEN THE WINGS HAVE HARDENED INTO POSITION, ATTACH THE TAIL PARTS WITH THE RUDDER AFTER THE HORIZONTAL TAIL HAS DRIED IN PLACE!

TO FLY OUTDOORS, ADD SOME SOFT CLAY TO THE NOSE AROUND THE POSITION MARKED WITH A CIRCLE AS SHOWN ON THE PLANS.

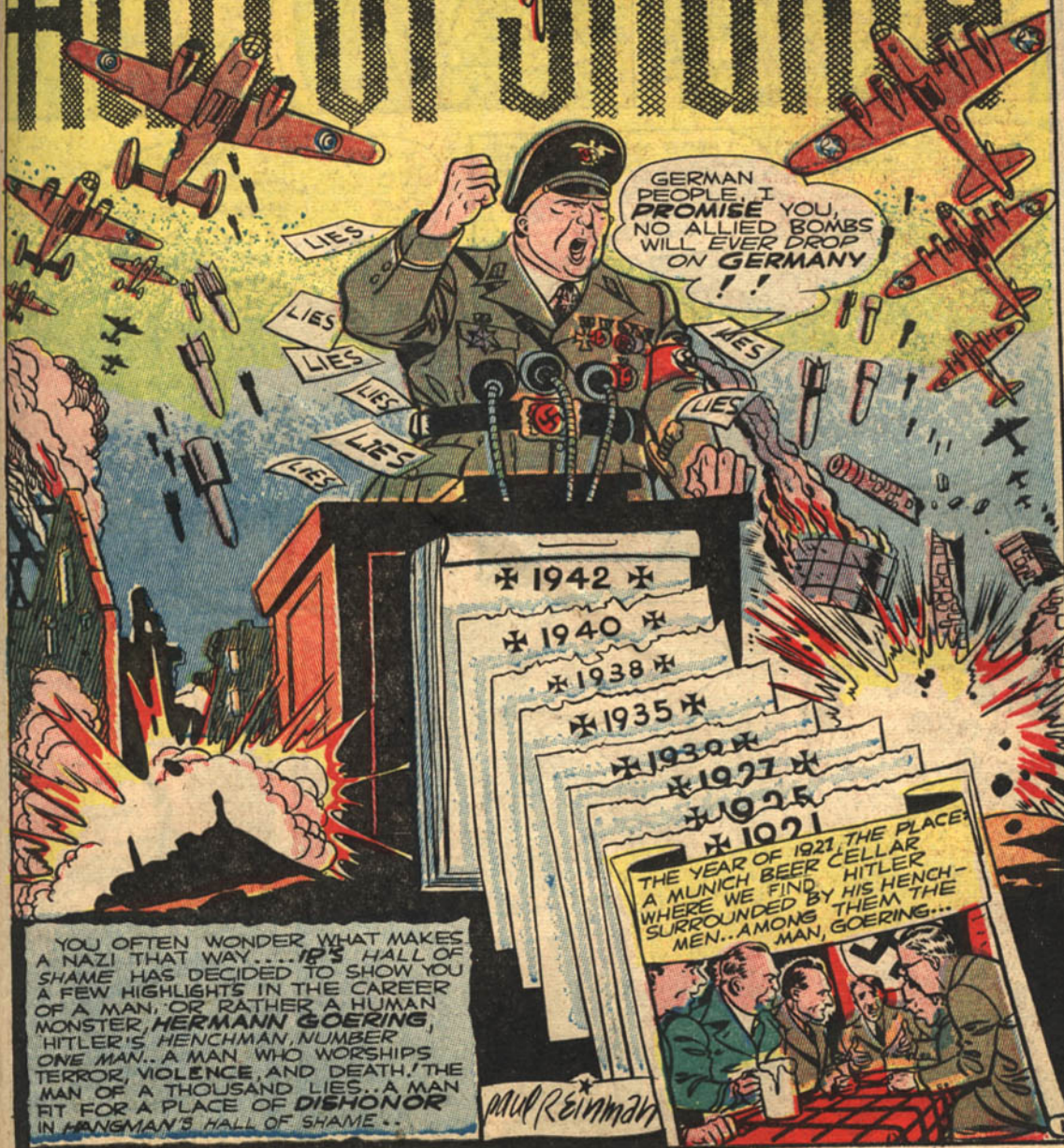
ADD OR DETRACT AMOUNT OF CLAY IN ORDER TO MAKE MODEL FLY IN A NICE LONG EVEN GLIDE!



the HANGMAN'S

HERMANN
GOERING

Hall of Shame



GERMAN PEOPLE, I
PROMISE YOU,
NO ALLIED BOMBS
WILL EVER DROP
ON GERMANY
!!

LIES

LIES

LIES

LIES

LIES

LIES

LIES

✠ 1942 ✠

✠ 1940 ✠

✠ 1938 ✠

✠ 1935 ✠

✠ 1930 ✠

✠ 1927 ✠

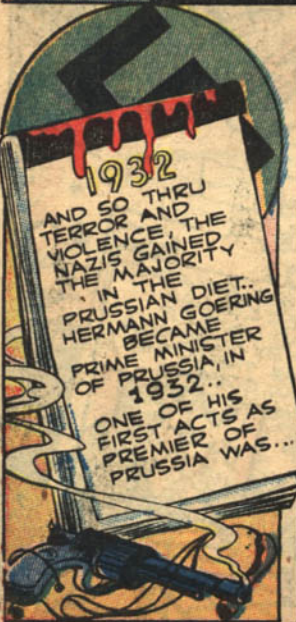
✠ 1925 ✠

✠ 1921 ✠

THE YEAR OF 1921, THE PLACE
A MUNICH BEER CELLAR
WHERE WE FIND HITLER
SURROUNDED BY HIS HENCH-
MEN... AMONG THEM THE
MAN, GOERING...

YOU OFTEN WONDER WHAT MAKES
A NAZI THAT WAY.... *IP'S* HALL OF
SHAME HAS DECIDED TO SHOW YOU
A FEW HIGHLIGHTS IN THE CAREER
OF A MAN, OR RATHER A HUMAN
MONSTER, **HERMANN GOERING**,
HITLER'S HENCHMAN, NUMBER
ONE MAN... A MAN WHO WORSHIPS
TERROR, VIOLENCE, AND DEATH, THE
MAN OF A THOUSAND LIES... A MAN
FIT FOR A PLACE OF **DISHONOR**
IN HANGMAN'S HALL OF SHAME...

Paul Reinman



IN 1933 HITLER WAS APPOINTED CHANCELLOR...

HERMANN, YOU KNOW VERY WELL WE WOULDN'T GET 50 PERCENT OF ALL THE VOTES UNLESS WE DO SOMETHING SPECTACULAR I GOT IT! WE'LL BURN SOME IMPORTANT BUILDING, AND BLAME IT ON THE COMMUNISTS!..

MY FUEHRER THERE'S YOUR BUILDING! THE REICHSTAG!

WE HAD THIS TUNNEL BUILT IN UTMOST SECRECY! IT LEADS DIRECTLY TO THE REICHSTAG BUILDING!

THE SAME NIGHT...

THAT'S A SPLENDID IDEA, HERMANN!..

MACH SCHNELL! AND REMEMBER TO KEEP QUIET ABOUT IT!..

THE REICHSTAG-FIRE WAS BLAMED ON THE COMMUNISTS BY THE PROPAGANDA MACHINE, AND BROUGHT HITLER THE MAJORITY BY A VERY SMALL MARGIN OF 52 PERCENT OF ALL VOTES....

FOR AN EXCELLENT JOB HERR GOERING, I GIVE YOU THE SPECIAL DECORATION OF THE THIRD REICH!

1933

AFTER HITLER APPOINTED GOERING AS HIS AIR MARSHALL, GOERING BUILT THE INFAMOUS LUFT WAFFE.. THE GERMAN DIVE BOMBER, THE TERRIBLE STUKA, WAS HIS PET...

1934
1935

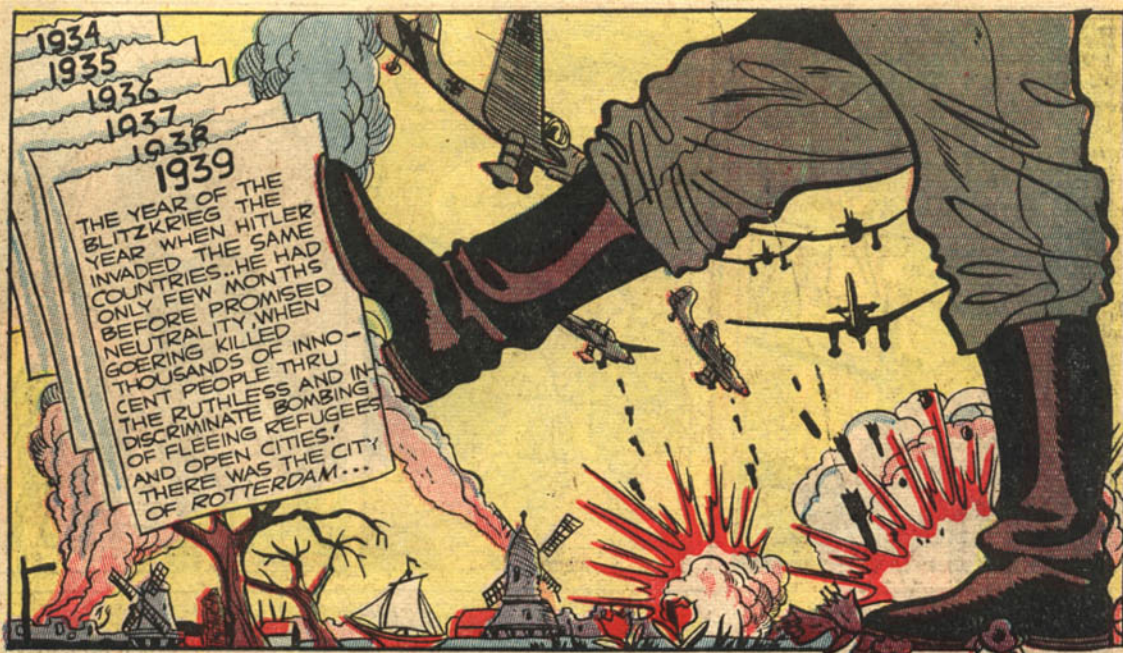
1936

1937

1938

1939

THE YEAR OF THE BLITZKRIEG THE YEAR WHEN HITLER INVADED THE SAME COUNTRIES...HE HAD ONLY FEW MONTHS BEFORE PROMISED NEUTRALITY, WHEN GOERING KILLED THOUSANDS OF INNOCENT PEOPLE AND IN THE RUTHLESS AND IN DISCRIMINATE BOMBING OF FLEEING REFUGEES AND OPEN CITIES! THERE WAS THE CITY OF ROTTERDAM...



HOLLAND HAD ALREADY SURRENDERED...

THE SIGNING OF THESE PAPERS WILL STOP ALL FIGHTING BETWEEN OUR TWO COUNTRIES

BUT HOURS LATER IN THE CITY OF ROTTERDAM...

LOOK, HENDRICK GERMAN PLANES! I WONDER WHAT THEY'RE UP TO!



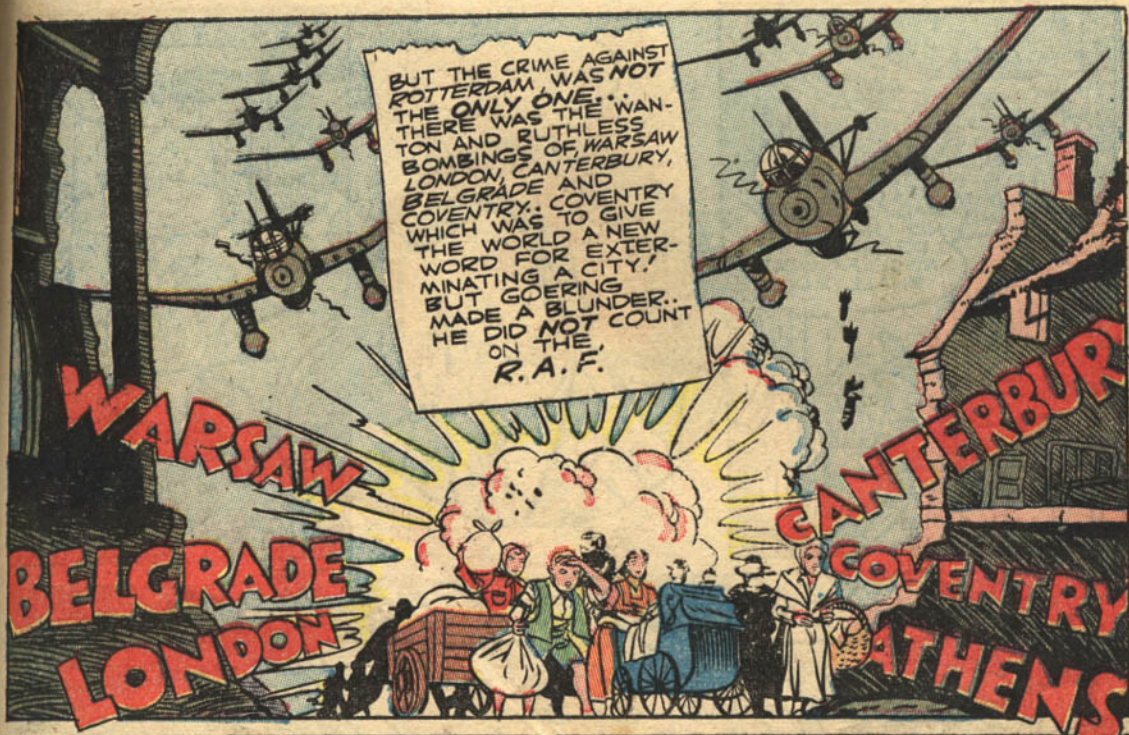
MURDERERS, WE SHALL PAY YOU BACK SOME DAY YOU BARBARIANS!

WITHIN FEW MINUTES THE CITY WAS IN RUINS, WHILE BLOCKS WERE COMPLETELY RAZED, MORE THAN 30,000 PEOPLE MAIMED AND KILLED.



IN THE NAME OF THE NETHERLANDS, I ACCUSE YOU OF BREAKING YOUR PROMISE !!

I'M SORRY, MEIN HERR, BUT THE BOMBERS TOOK OFF BEFORE WE SIGNED THE PAPERS, AND I COULDN'T CALL THEM BACK!

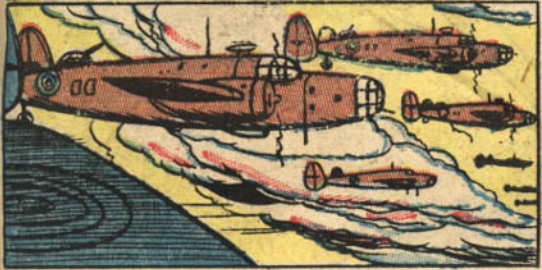


BUT THE CRIME AGAINST
ROTTERDAM, WAS NOT
THE ONLY ONE...
THERE WAS THE WAN-
TON AND RUTHLESS
BOMBINGS OF WARSAW
LONDON, CANTERBURY,
BELGRADE AND
COVENTRY. COVENTRY
WHICH WAS TO GIVE
THE WORLD A NEW
WORD FOR EXTER-
MINATING A CITY,
BUT GOERING
MADE A BLUNDER..
HE DID NOT COUNT
ON THE
R. A. F.

WARSAW
BELGRADE
LONDON

CANTERBURY
COVENTRY
ATHENS

WHEN THE R. A. F. GAVE BERLIN A TASTE OF
ITS OWN MEDICINE, THE NAZI BIG SHOTS
LEFT TOWN, FOR A HEALTHIER CLIMATE...



I SHALL LEAVE
FOR THE EASTERN
FRONT, IMMEDIATELY!!
HEIL HITLER!!

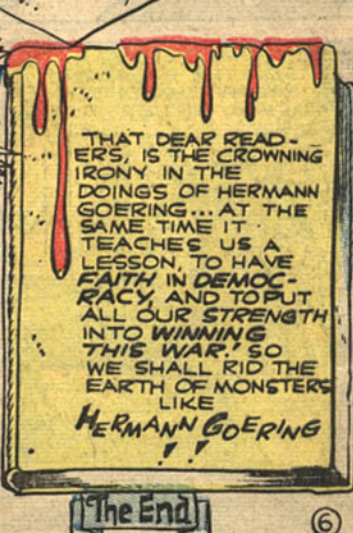
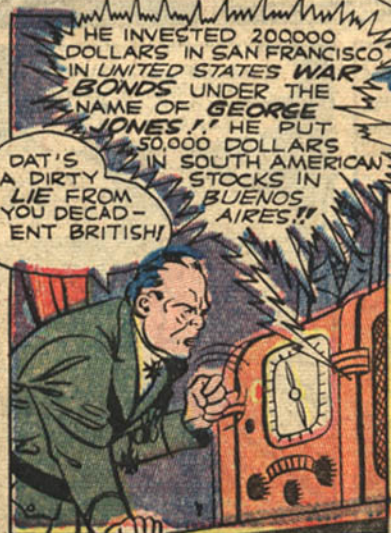


CHAUFFEUR, TURN
AROUND, DRIVE
TO MY HOME,
"KARIN-HALL".

JAWOHL,
HERR
GOERING!



GOERING ARRIVES AT HIS
"UNPRETENTIOUS" HOME TO
SEEK REFUGE FROM THE
BOMBING.



[The End]